

Autographs and Memoirs of the Telegraph

By Jeff W. Hayes



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J.W. Hayes

AUTOGRAPHS AND MEMOIRS OF THE TELEGRAPH



By Jeff W. Hayes, 1853-1917

*Author of "Tales of the Sierras," "Looking Backward at
Portland," "Paradise on Earth," Etc.*



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PREFACE

The long task is completed and my labor with the "AUTOGRAPHS AND MEMOIRS OF THE TELEGRAPH" is at an end.

The work has not been irksome, and the labor has at all times been tempered with love, which lightened the burden, and oftentimes the work was one of genuine pleasure.

Of the several thousands represented in my publication, I have personally met 99 per cent, and reading their names was like shaking hands with old friends.

My grateful thanks are extended to Messrs. Walter P. Phillips, Donald McNicol, Wm. J. Maguire, Edwin W. Collins, L. K. Whitcomb and Edward F. Wach for valuable contributions.

The book will, I trust, accomplish my double object, viz.: perpetuate the beautiful penmanship of the telegraph operator and cement and bind the telegraph fraternity closer together.

If I have accomplished this much, I will feel that my labor has not been in vain.

THE AUTHOR

Dec. 1947

AUERBACH COLL

Dedicatory

*To Cassius Hamlin White, friend of my boyhood and
companion of more mature years, patient, loyal,
and considerate; and to his little wife,
Henrietta, always gentle, always
solicitous, this volume is
affectionately
dedicated*

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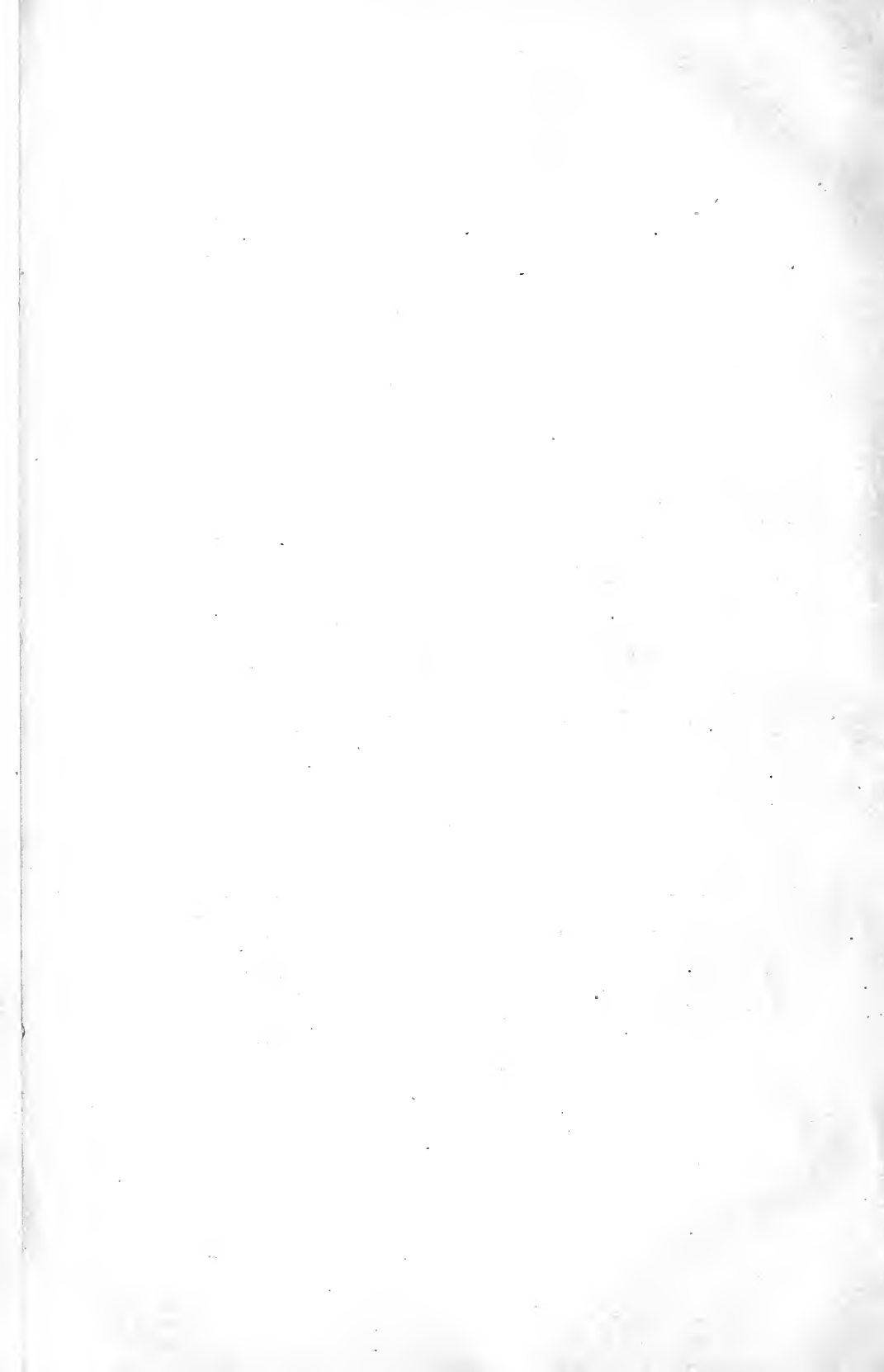
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THE POETRY OF THE TELEGRAPH

BY DONALD MCNICOL

COLERIDGE regarded poetry as "the blossom and fragrance of all human knowledge, human thought, human passions, emotions, language." Of course, it might be expected that the Masters of the art would have a very exalted conception of the elegance of their own medium of expression; and, whether or not the average work-a-day individual believes himself qualified to harvest the sweets contained in rhymed reports, unquestionably there is in good poetry a strong appeal to the higher instincts, exercising an influence which, when granted fertile soil, accomplishes for man much that is desirable in the way of graceful ideals.

Most callings and professions of long standing have had their sweet singers—their poets laureate. Kipling's ballads of the barracks have endeared him to the rank and file of the British army during two generations. The sailors of the sea, for centuries, have had their poets. The miner and the printer, the cowboy and the railroader, have each had poets of their own especially versed in the trade lore of these various vocations.

It is a noteworthy fact that those crafts which have been able to pass on to succeeding generations of their ilk a heritage of legendary lore—a folk literature—have ever occupied the highest rank in the family of professions. A pride in the achievements and honorable traditions of one's professional forebears casts cheering rays ahead on the paths of toil which is very helpful in making each day's task easier.

The telegraph, in its inception, had identified with it men of a high order of literary attainment. Professor Morse was an artist of international reputation. In its infancy the telegraph had its rough spots smoothed away by the genteel and gracious care of Ezra Cornell, later the founder of Cornell University; James D. Reid, the father of telegraph literature; Tal. P. Shaffner, a versatile writer of the early fifties; Joseph Henry, the head of the Smithsonian Institution, and other writers of note.

Graduating from the telegraph key, four men became State Governors; three, United States Senators; three, Postmasters General, and fourteen became presidents of large railroad sys-

tems. Among those possessing marked literary talent, who in their youth were telegraphers, might be mentioned: James Elverton, publisher, Philadelphia; Edward Rosewater, late editor Omaha "Bee"; R. D. Blumenfeld, editor London "Express"; Guy Carleton, author; George Kennan, author and traveler; B. A. McNab, editor Montreal "Star"; Frank Munsey, publisher; George V. Hobart, playwright; John B. Taltavall, publisher; Walter P. Phillips, author and journalist; and a host of lesser lights, who, entering newspaper work, carried with them a love for the music of the wires, which contributed materially to their success as members of the fraternity of journalists.

The production of telegraph poetry has in a sense been epochal. By this I mean that the best poems on the subject have appeared on occasions when a decided advance was made in the application of telegraphy to commercial needs, or when some stubborn obstacle has been overcome by telegraph engineers. Most of the verses penned on these occasions are accessible in telegraphic magazines of the period, or in historical works. Naturally, some of the shorter gems have been lost or are extant only in scrap-books, which rarely see the light of day. Especially this is true of the many jingles which have been written by the nomadic and itinerant members of the craft, which in most cases appeared only in "log" books or in personal letters.

The literary ability of our telegraphic ancestors, in keeping with their times, was marked by a scholar-like erudition, which enabled them to produce verse comparing favorably with that written by authors whom we now look upon as the Old Masters of rhyme. Telegraph writers of the early days undoubtedly gained inspiration from the writings of contemporaries, such as Halleck, Bryant, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell and Saxe.

Some of the earliest verses with the telegraph as the subject were written by James D. Reid, the first superintendent of a commercial telegraph line. Between the years 1846 and 1848 Henry V. O'Reilly built lines westward from Harrisburg, Pa., and throughout the southwest. O'Reilly, a typical "Yankee," circularized the territory through which his lines extended, the heading of one advertisement reading: "Four thousand miles already up and thousands more under contract." Reid, who was blessed with a keen sense of humor, upon seeing one of these circulars, discovered the lilt in it, which prompted him to write the following satirical verses:



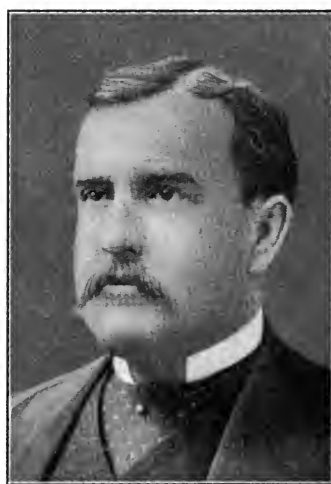
JOHN B. TALTAVAL



THOMAS R. TALTAVAL



DONALD McNICOL



JOSEPH W. LARISH

The mystic wire is in the air,
 It winds from shore to shore,
 By dark Missouri's turbid tide,
 By deep Niagara's roar.
 Boys! bear along the lightning thong
 Down the O-hi-o.
 "Four thousand miles already up,
 And thousands more to go."

Sink the poles, boys, firm and strong,
 Deep and close together,
 Solder the joints of the mystic thong
 And let it stand forever!
 Shouting still, by rock and rill,
 In morning's crimson glow:
 "Four thousand miles already up,
 And thousands more to go."

In the year 1848 four verses appeared in a country newspaper in New Jersey, written by a Pennsylvania clergyman. The lines evidently were inspired by Morse's invention of the telegraph. The first verse reads:

Along the smooth and slender wires, the sleepless heralds run,
 Fast as the clear and living rays go streaming from the sun;
 No pearls of flashes, heard or seen, their wondrous flight betray,
 And yet their words are quickly caught in cities far away.

Upon completion of the laying of the first Atlantic cable by Cyrus W. Field in the year 1858, a number of poems commemorative of the event, appeared in magazines current at the time. One of these, entitled "How Cyrus Laid the Cable," written by John G. Saxe, contained twelve verses, the following being the first, sixth and twelfth:

Come listen all unto my song;
 It is no silly fable;
 'Tis all about the mighty cord
 They call the Atlantic Cable.

Twice did his bravest efforts fail,
 And yet his mind was stable,
 He wa'n't the man to break his heart
 Because he broke his cable.

And may we honor evermore
 The manly, bold, and stable,
 And tell our sons, to make them brave,
 How Cyrus laid the cable.

Shortly after the introduction of the telegraph, Rossiter Johnson wrote a seven stanza poem, entitled "The Victory," the sixth verse, probably the best, reading as follows:

But one morning he made him a slender wire,
 As an artist's vision took life and form.
 While he drew from Heaven the strange, fierce fire
 That reddens the edge of the midnight storm;
 And he carried it over the Mountain's crest,
 And dropped it into the Ocean's breast:
 And Science proclaimed from shore to shore,
 That Time and Space ruled man no more.

The following verse is from a poem which appeared in Reid's "The Telegraph in America," published in 1877. My information is that these lines were written by Reid about the year 1850. The reader will undoubtedly sense the applicability of the lines to wireless telegraphy, introduced fifty years later. The title of the poem appropriately might be "The Wireless":

Away! Away! through the sightless air
 Stretch forth your iron thread,
 For I would not dim my sandals fair
 With the dust ye tamely tread!
 Aye, rear it up on its million piers,
 Let it circle the world around,
 And the journey ye make in a hundred years
 I'll clear at a single bound.

The following four lines are from a short poem written by Augustus J. H. Duganne, and recited by him during the celebration in New York of the laying of the 1858 cable:

Lo! the sunbeam limns our features; Fire and Air we yoke to toil:
 Yea, the lightning from the footstool we have chained in hurtless coil!
 Thou, Oh God, o'er Franklin bending, gave to him the electric flame.
 And with cloven tongues exultant, Morse proclaimed Thy Holy Name!

The following three verses were written by James Clerk Maxwell in the year 1859—(In the early days of submarine telegraphy the mirror galvanometer was employed as a receiving instrument):

The Mirror Galvanometer

The lamp-light falls on blackened walls,
 And streams through narrow perforations.
 The long beam trails o'er paste-board scales,
 With slow decaying oscillations.
 Flow, current, flow, set the quick light-spot flying;
 Flow, current, answer, lightspot, flashing, quivering, dying.

Oh look! how queer! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, sharper growing
 The gliding fire! with central wire,
 The fine degrees distinctly showing.
 Swing, magnet, swing, advancing and receding;
 Swing, magnet; Answer, dearest, What's your final reading?

O Love! you fail to read the scale
 Correct to tenths of a division,
 To mirror Heaven those eyes were given,
 And not for methods of precision.
 Break, contact, break, set the free light-spot flying;
 Break, contact, rest thee, magnet, swinging, creeping, dying.

Another of the Atlantic Telegraph poems which appeared in 1859 was written by J. G. Whittier and contained thirteen verses, the sixth, eighth and tenth, reading as follows:

From clime to clime, from shore to shore,
 Shall thrill the magic thread;
 The new Prometheus steals once more,
 The fire that wakes the dead!

For lo! the fall of ocean's wall,
 Space mocked, and time outrun!—
 And round the world the thought of all
 Is as the thought of one.

Throb on, strong pulse of thunder! beat
 From answering beach to beach!
 Fuse nations in thy kindly heat,
 And melt the chains of each.

The following poem, entitled "The Telegrapher's Valentine," was written by J. C. Maxwell, in the year 1860:

The tendrils of my soul are twined
 With thine, though many a mile apart,
 And thine in close-coiled circuits wind
 Around the needle of my heart.

Constant as Daniel, strong as Grove,
 Ebullient through its depths like Smee,
 My heart pours forth its tide of love,
 And all its circuits close in thee.

O tell me, when along the line
 From my full heart the message flows,
 What currents are induced in thine?
 One click from thee will end my woes.

Through many a volt the weber flew,
 And clicked this answer back to me;
 I am thy farad staunch and true,
 Charged to a volt with love for thee.

After the death of Professor Morse, which occurred on April 2nd, 1872, a number of poems appeared in telegraph and other journals published at the time. One of these, by Rosa Vertner Jefferry, of Lexington, Ky., appeared in the "Journal of the Telegraph," April 15th, 1872. Other poems which ap-

peared at the same time were written by A. R. Watson and Henry C. Cooper. The last verse of Mr. Watson's poem is quoted herewith:

‘But was he Jove? On what point have ye hung
So fair opinion of him?’ Did not these hands
Weave the enchanted lightning into brands,
Tongue burthened and obedient, that have strung
A zone of speech around the world, to prove
The fame of him who's dead there? He is Jove.

During the decade beginning with the year 1872, the telegraph companies had on their pay-rolls in New York a number of young men who were destined to achieve fame and distinction as writers. Among these were: Joseph W. Larish (pseud., Owton A. Flye); William Maver, Jr. (Witt Master); Thos. R. Taltavall, the present editor of *Telegraph Age*; P. B. Delaney, Walter P. Phillips (John Oakum), Thos. C. Noble, W. J. Johnston, J. F. Howell, and Charles N. Hood—this period, in fact, was the golden era of telegraph literature.

The three verses following were found written on the fly-leaf of a wire chief's log book in the Western Union main office, New York, in the year 1873:

When men are sent out on the wires,
Armed with a coil, and spurs, and pliers;
With care, the chiefs will in this tome,
Note when they start, and when come home.

If e'er they should o'erstay their time,
And make the claim, they had to climb
The largest pole within the town,
The chiefs will also note this down.

But if the fragrance of the cup,
Should spoil their tale of climbing up,
The same will on the record go,
That Captain Mac Intosh may know.

When the periodical “*Telegraphica*” suspended publication in the latter part of the year 1873, two blank large record books were set aside in the New York main office, bearing the title “*Telegraphica's Ghost*,” to serve as depositories for the occasional vagrant melodies which came to the surface and were deemed worthy of preservation. In the two volumes a dozen or more poems of better than ordinary merit were inscribed by hand. Most of these contributions are too long to include in this symposium, and the quotations which follow, while perhaps

not the best from a literary standpoint, are the most available for reproduction here:

En Rapport

A maiden sits 'neath northern skies
 With pale pink cheeks and downcast eyes;
 Her dainty hand flies to and fro,
 A snow-flake o'er a bank of snow,
 While business gleams along the hooks,
 Then hies away to far-off nooks,
 Never bird or bee so busy
 As this mildly beaming Lizzie!

A youth in Sunland strikes the wire,
 And madly scatters Southern fire!
 Then, with prick'd ear and eagle eye
 Takes in the sharp, quick sparks that fly.
 A streak of shining, flashing light
 From our own land of hidden might!
 The *pen-sive* youth grows faint and dizzy,
 The blinding light is sent by Lizzie!

As prelude to another "rush"
 Lo! an electric smile and blush,
 And thoughts that wreath her rosy lips
 Go flashing from her finger tips;
 While he, thro' distance, casts out fear,
 Doesn't Chivalry wish 'twere his eh?
 And wildly flashes back: "my dear!"
 O! This Northern blooming Lizzie,

Downey's Lament

If I say it meself, shure an' 'tis no flatthery,
 I do thry an' make out to kape a clane batthery;
 But there's some av these fellers that works th' way wires
 Talks about "locals" in a way I admires.

Now, some av these here op'raters. Lor' bless yer sowl,
 Don' know a good local from a bricklayer's trowl,
 But they come to me mornins wid "Mike, look ye here!
 Cud a man take from this, lest he had a tin ear?"

I looks at th' local an' phat does yez think?
 Faith, there's nary corrode on the copper nor zinc;
 There's nawthin at all to cra-ate any bother,
 And jars and th' porous cups well filled wid wather.

Av coorse, I'm ixpicted th' battherys to clane
 An' phat shud I know if their sounder machane,
 Was broken, or bad ohms, or divil knows phat;
 But thim by's are th' ones to make me redhot.

Well, th' only thing I do to get me relafe
 Is to skip all those way wires and call on th' chafe;
 An' whin he's not busy or too badly rusht,
 He goes for thim, sayin', "why can't yez ajust?"

An' 'pon me owld sowl, phat I tell yez is thrue,
A wake local's made sthrong by th' turn av a screw,
 If agin fir those lads ary local I schrub,
 May I ne'er take out crosses agin wid a club.

So write 'em up lively, now in th' nex *plug*,
 Yez can give 'em a fottygraft, too, of their mug;
 Yez can write it in prose, or varse, if yez like,
 An' phen yez hev finished ut plase sign it

Mike.

I love her yet,
 That sweet brunette;
 Although she has deceived me.
 Her cruel ways did nearly craze,
 And have quite sorely grieved me.
 She wrote bad "Morse;"
 But yet, of course,
 I never dared to "break" her.
 She was so proud,
 She'd tell the crowd,
 How quick and well I'd take her.
 But Oh! alas!
 It came to pass,
 I made a horrid blunder
 Which roused her ire,
 And o'er the wire
 She told me "Go to thunder."

In the issue of "Telegraphica," dated May 20th, 1873, a poem was reproduced, containing thirteen verses, entitled "The Stern Reality," written by Charles Ingersoll Brown. It has a very musical lilt and is one of the best of the early telegraph poems. The sixth and seventh verses follow:

Thomas fell in love with Nancy Anna's disposition,
 You yourselves had done the same if placed in his position;
 She was indeed—by telegraph—as sweet as Jersey peaches.
 With a knack for simple jokes and sentimental speeches.

Every week-day morning when the wires were in trim
 Thomas said g. m., to her and she g. m., to him;
 Every idle afternoon when business was over,
 Down they sat to have a chat, and thought themselves in clover.

The following verse is from a poem containing five verses, written by Edward A. Rand, appearing in "Telegraphica," June 10th, 1873:

Over the marsh by the railroad,
 The wild winds sweep today,
 And they touch the telegraph wires,
 And a strange, weird tune they play,
 'Till the air is sweet with harpings,
 As of church bells far away.

In the year 1884, three verses appeared in the "Telegraphist," entitled "Lines On a Telegraph Pole," the first verse reading:

Rising out of a bed of heather,
Where a legion of weeds entwine,
And the grasses and nettles grow thick together,
There stands an old friend of mine—
A weather-worn mast,
All grimy and green,
That there for the last
Score summers has been.

The quotations submitted herein are but inadequately suggestive of the excellence of the literary productions of telegraphers during the seventies and eighties, and although the selections have been made without caprice or partiality, it is probable that many of the verses, for which we have not space here, would, if reproduced, furnish delight to those who like poetry and love telegraphy.

If, some day, an anthology of telegraphic verse is gathered with the object of giving permanence to a collection of the poems on this subject, which have been written since the introduction of the telegraph, the compiler will have a difficult task in discovering more than a half dozen or so poems written between 1890 and 1910. The search will be comparatively fruitless because the telegraph journals published during the twenty years referred to have devoted their space chiefly to educational matters of a technical nature, the consequence being that practically all of the telegraphic odes and elegies produced are in existence only in manuscript form, sequestered away with personal papers, or reposing in dust-laden archives, in fear and dread awaiting the hand of the destroying angel; possibly, in some cases, having in store the happier destiny of resurrection at the hands of the compiler himself.

During the past few years there has been an auspicious revival in the general production of poetry, especially lyrical verse, and in a hopeful degree this revival has stirred to action the telegraphic muse, so that today we find the "American Telegrapher," the "Railroad Man's Magazine," and the two telegrapher's trade journals, publishing an increasing amount of the poetry offered.

In an issue of the "Postal Telegraph" in 1910 was printed a beautiful poem of five verses by Marion Couthouy Smith; the first and last verses reading as follows:

We are the nerves of the world,
The threads of fate are we,
Whether in coil or spiral curled,
Or flung over the land and sea;
From hoards of the ages brought.
The great rocks yield our life;
With flame and force is our being wrought,
With throes of toil and strife.

We are the harp of the world,
The chords of life are we;
Through us the song of the sphere is hurled
In the storm of harmony;
Forged in the sullen deeps,
Strung through the void above.
We ring with a note that never sleeps—
The note of a world-wide love.

To Miss Annie Ellsworth, daughter of the then Commissioner of Patents, was accorded the honor of sending the first message by Morse's telegraph. Miss Ellsworth had been the first person to announce to Prof. Morse that Congress had finally appropriated the sum of \$30,000 for a trial of his invention. The trial line extended from a room in the Capitol in Washington to Baltimore, Md. The first public message was sent on May 24th, 1844.

To Annie Ellsworth

(With apologies to E. A. P.)

Ah! distinctly came the rapping; "What hath
God wrought" 't was tapping;
And each separate dying cavil took its way
Throughout the door.
Eagerly your bright eye glistened, while the patient
Morse but listened,
To the "dots" and "dashes" clicking, ticking out
To Baltimore:
To the dots and dashes tapping, that would tap,
For evermore.

A Night Elegy of "253"

The following two parodic verses recently appeared on a "number" sheet in one of the large relay offices:

The busy chief struts down the big main aisle,
Where humped-up pluggers wield the ticking key;
In his hands he totes a big night-letter file,
And, smiling, hands the lengthy ones to me.

Now glints the shining switchboard on the sight,
 The four walls echo back a ceaseless din,
 As to the fettered lightning and the night,
 I wigwag page on page 'till I'm all in.

I have in my scrap-book a dozen or more poems on wireless telegraphy, written during the past few years by radio operators, and there is not an inferior production in the lot.

When the wireless-man is sailing the high seas, confined in his tiny cabin, he has about him—especially at night—an atmosphere which is very effectively conducive to philosophic rumination: associations, which, if he has a spark of imagination, furnishes him with all the material essential in the construction of good poetry.

The verses quoted below were written by K. D. M. Simons, Jr., and appeared in the "Wireless Age," New York, in 1914:

The Wireless Ghost

*Ghosts there are of the crying winds, and ghosts of the weeping rain,
 And ghosts there are of the dead, dear days which cannot come again!*

*Warlocks there be, of the witches' tale, which haunt the house of sin,
 And spirits restless of their quest for loves of the might-have-been!*

*But, o'er the heart of helpless earth and the pulse of prostrate sea,
 There hangs a Soul of Silentness, who laughs in his dumb, dead glee!*

He drives the blind acoustic cloud o'er a sea as still as oil,
 He shakes the Dead-Spot vacuum, in an airless, deaf, turmoil!

He reads unread Marconigrams, which reach no mortal ear,
 He knows the deadly pocket-hole, where the lost calls disappear!

His is the toll of the foundered ships, that missed the muffled bell—
 Toll of the derelicts which drift, unmanned twixt Heaven and Hell!

*O, ghosts there are of the crying winds, and ghosts of the weeping rain,
 And ghosts there are of the dead dear days, which cannot come again!*

*Warlocks there be, of the witches' tale, which haunt the house of sin,
 And spirits restless of their quest for loves of the might-have-been!*

*But, o'er the heart of helpless earth and the pulse of prostrate sea,
 There hangs a Soul of Silentness, who laughs in his dumb dread glee!*

Here, then, we have a story of telegraph verse—verse written three hundred years after the bard of Avon, in "Midsummer Night's Dream," made saucy Puck utter his famous boast: "I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes."

SECTION I

SKETCHES OF EASTERN STARS

BY JEFF W. HAYES

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

THE little "onpleasantness" occurring July 19th, 1883, was readily forgiven by the gallant General Thomas T. Eckert, who being a true soldier, knew how to be generous to a vanquished foe, but such was not the case with some of the petty officials, who viewed the situation as a personal affront and determined that they "who had danced must pay the piper."

A number of good men were compelled to quit the business and many others had to do the "flagging act" to obtain employment.

Mr. W. C. Black, now superintendent of the Postal at Denver, relates his experience in those trying days.

His superintendent vowed that under no circumstances would he ever allow Mr. Black to obtain a position with his company, and after futile efforts to make his peace, Black was obliged to "flag."

He obtained employment in the Buffalo office, changing his color to White, and was appointed to the Detroit wire.

In those days day messages were called "blacks" and night telegrams were known as "reds," and in transmitting a "red" message it was necessary to affix the words "night" after the check.

Mr. Black-White was sending a conglomeration of "blacks" and "reds" and was transmitting the business in a merry lively gait.

He was sending a bunch of "reds" and after transmitting four or five, forgot to add the "night" to the check.

"Is that black?" queried the Detroit artist, referring, of course, to the color of the message.

"Yes, it is Black," replied the alarmed Buffalo man, "but for heaven's sake, my good friend, don't give me away."

Black was under the impression that the receiving operator recognized his sending and was referring to his personality instead of the color of the telegram.

AFTER MANY YEARS

SOME years ago a little ditty was being sung around the country, the refrain of which was, "Shake the hand that shook the hand of John L. Sullivan."

Today, we are changing it a little and are asking our friends to "Shake the hand that shook the hand of George M. Eitemiller."

We have known Mr. Eitemiller for more than 40 years and worked opposite him for a year, and during that time he was



G. M. EITEMILLER

largely responsible for making a first-class operator out of comparatively raw material.

Eitemiller was very fast, but he was not quarrelsome, or egotistical. He knew what we all were aware of, and that he was a phenomenal telegrapher, "the greatest one of his time," Walter Phillips declares, and he ought to know.

"Tell me," was asked, "what is the secret of your ability to do so much quicker work than the ordinary run of operators?"

Mr. Eitemiller smiled when he replied that it was just a gift and he could not help it, and that he was not entitled to any shower of roses.

"You see," he said, "I can write 55 words with ease every minute, and I possess the faculty of remembering, or copying 15 words behind, even of the most difficult ciphers. It is no

strain on my brain, and while the sending operator is exerting himself to run ahead of me, I keep up a steady speed in copying. The sending operator stops to read copy, or stumbles over a word, but I keep right along, and it was all fun for me, and not a bit of work."

"I used to practice copying behind until it became easier for me to be behind half a message than it would to be right on to the word."

"I am 67 years old now and I can send as well as I used to in the days of old, but I find myself a bit draggy when it comes to putting it down. Still I can do 55 or 60 messages an hour with perfect ease."

The old-timer paused. He did not feel like blowing his own horn, and requested that he be written up "mildly."

"Yes, I knew them all. P. V. DeGraw, Eddie Boileau, Fred B. Moxon, Hugh Irvine, Charlie Cottrell, Walter Phillips, Tom Edison, Jimmy Largay, "Biff" Cook, Ned Fullum, Geo. Hinman, Bert Ayres, George Armstrong, Billy Loper, Tom Wheeler, "Fat" Waugh, Tom and John Taltavall, Billy Kettles, Billy Gove, Ernest Emery, Ed Risdon, "Dug" Burnett, Tom Bishop, Jim Austin, Ed Stewart, Morrell Marean, Tom Sherman, Bob Wynne, Sam Wallace, Charlie Thayer, Maurice Brick, Charlie Moore, Bennie Lloyd, Henry Shelley, Harvey Reynolds, John Lapey, O. A. Gurley, Billy Jones and hundreds of others.

"You see, I know 'em all, don't you?" said the old-timer, "and I wish you were not going to Cleveland tonight, for I have many stories to tell about them all."

"Tell me, Eity, how about that story that Fred Cushing tells about you? Why he relates that you can write the word 'Philadelphia' sixty times a minute, is that a fact?"

It was wonderful how tactfully the old-timer evaded a direct reply, but hinted that, "if he copied behind," he might be able to do it, which remark provoked a smile all around.

It certainly was a treat to visit with Mr. Eitemiller, and we shall remember our evening with him as one of the compensating episodes of a long journey.

There is no doubt that if the talent possessed by Mr. Eitemiller had been directed in some other channel, better results would have been obtained, but after all, "it's all in a life time," and "Eitey" is the last one in the world to regret lost opportunities.

Success to you, old partner, and may your way down the valley of life be strewn with only the best of things from God's great and abundant garden.

PERSPICUITY

WE recently spent two very delightful days with Mr. Walter P. Phillips, at his home in Bridgeport, Conn., and the time passed there was a feast of reason and a flow of soul.

"Inebriates and children always tell the truth," remarked Mr. Phillips. "Why, I was sitting in a swell hotel in New Orleans, some years ago, with Charlie Cottrell for a companion. You know what a beautiful face Charlie possesses, and his beautiful face is reflected in a beautiful soul.

"We had been carrying on a very interesting conversation for some little time, when a man, an intelligent looking fellow, but much under the influence of liquor came along and began to survey us. He seemed much interested in Mr. Cottrell, and approaching close to us, he doffed his hat and said, addressing Charlie: 'Mister, you have a face like our Savior,' and then turning to me, looked me over critically and said, 'And you, sir, you have a face like a dog-goned schemer.'"



C. H. SHELL



EDWARD F. WACH

HATTIE ZUNDELL

THE operator at Port Clinton was a merry, blithesome lassie. She was known as the best operator on the line but that fact never rendered her top heavy.

Hattie was pretty, vivacious, could mount or alight from a train in motion with the grace and dexterity manifested by an accomplished train hand.

Little Jack Hazelton, aged 14, was night operator at Sandusky, the next station below Port Clinton.

Of course Jack and Hattie became acquainted over the wire, but from the "big" way in which little Jack talked, Hattie gained the impression that he was of more mature years.

One day, Jack boarded a freight train bound west and an hour later passed Port Clinton station, where the gentle Hattie sat at the key, in plain sight of the passing train hands.

It was the first time that Jack had seen the young lady and she was far from suspecting his close proximity.

The train bearing Jack stopped at Gypsum, a few miles further up the road in the middle of an immense apple orchard.

The day was waning and the young operator saw it was time to return. He found a flour sack in the caboose and stepping into the orchard proceeded to fill it with red Baldwin beauties, which were intended as a present to the Port Clinton operator.

Mounting the way freight soon after, he started for home.

Upon reaching the station where Hattie Zundell presided, the freight train waited for orders but Jack was too bashful to make himself known.

Just as the train was about to move on, the young lady's attention was attracted to a boy on top of a box car who was persistently calling, "Z" "Z" "Z" which was Hattie's private signal. She looked up smiling to see Jack swinging a bag of apples in his arms. The train was now moving and Hattie, with a motion, gave the hint that she would enjoy an apple.

"Here, take the whole shootin' match," said Jack as he aimed the bag at the depot window.

Never was aim more accurate, and an instant later, flour sack and apples went crashing through the window; bringing down with it window, glass, sash and all, demolishing a pretty vase of flowers on the operating table, upsetting the ink stand and raising general havoc.



E. W. COLLINS



E. J. NALLY



MRS. C. W. POTTER



H. H. BORCKENHAGEN

Hattie screamed with joy and was all smiles, but not so section boss Kelly, who seemed to believe he had an individual interest in the company's property.

Kelly gave chase to the fleeing train, but never overtook it. Latterly, he tried to have the young lady tell him who did the damage, but Hattie was too loyal, even if she did suspect.

Arriving at Sandusky, Jack cautiously called up Port Clinton to ascertain the amount of the devastation he had done, and boy and girl grew better acquainted.

Some few weeks later, Jack bade goodbye to his job and went South and he and Hattie never met.

The young lady grew to be a wonderful operator distinguishing herself by being the only lady operator in the Cincinnati office who could successfully work the Louisville local.

Some years later she married Dr. Faulkner who worked the Louisville end of the circuit, and in a recent visit to New York, Jack Hazelton had the pleasure of meeting young Mr. Faulkner, now filling a responsible position with the Southern Pacific railroad in that city.

Dr. and Mrs. Faulkner live in Brooklyn and Hattie Zundell of former years is as light-hearted now as she was when she signed "Z" in Port Clinton, Ohio, and ate red Baldwin apples out of a white flour sack.

TOO MUCH STEAM

WHEN C. J. Steinal, now superintendent of telegraph of the San Pedro and Salt Lake road, was a boy of 14, he was appointed by J. Levin, then manager for the Western Union at St. Joseph, Mo., to the position of delivery clerk.

Young Steinal had plenty of ginger in his composition, a necessary attribute for a youthful "booker," as the messengers called the delivery clerk.

Being so very young, Steinal found it, at times, hard to manage the obstreperous boys in his charge, and in his anxiety to make a record and to keep the messages moving, he would often resort to a rough and tumble fight to show his authority and to coerce the recalcitrant messenger to perform his duties.

Of course, his use of force was done while the manager was out, but one day Mr. Levin dropped into the "bull pen" and wit-



E. C. KEENAN



S. H. MUDGE



C. W. POTTER



H. L. HEISLER

nessed his prize delivery clerk engaged in a bloody altercation with a messenger four years his senior.

"Oh, tut, tut," said Jake, "don't you know any better than that? You should not use that whip you have in your hand on the messengers; better get a stuffed club which won't hurt them."

Blushingly the young delivery clerk took the admonitions of his superior, and that night, on reaching home he had his mother cut out a sleeve from an old coat, which he stuffed with rags, excelsior and the like, making it good and soggy, but not capable of inflicting any damage.

Coming into his office the next morning, what was Mr. Levin's surprise to find his delivery clerk again mounted on the back of one of the messengers, pummelling him with a formidable weapon, big enough to beat out his brains.

"What are you doing now?" exclaimed the manager.

"I'm just obeying orders; using a stuffed club on the messengers instead of the rawhide, which you did not like," replied Steinal.

"Oh, my boy, I did not mean you to take my orders literally. I merely wanted you to take something soft to them. Use soft words and talk nicely to them, for who knows but some day you'll be asking one of these same boys for a job."

Steinal, abashed and contrite, burned up his stuffed club and began to cultivate the soft words advocated by his manager, and the lesson was a lasting one.

It would be difficult to think of the Mr. Steinal of today as other than a man meek as Moses and soft of heart.

LEARNING THE BUSINESS

FORT MADISON, IOWA, was a beautiful little village, situated on the banks of the Mississippi, and at the time of my story was quite a prosperous place.

The Mississippi Valley Telegraph Company had established an office at this point and Richmond Smith was appointed manager.

A bright young boy, named Louis H. Korty, acted in the capacity of messenger, and, as the office was in a drug store,



T. N. POWERS

young Korty added the compounding of pellets to the rest of his duties, all for the munificent salary of \$16 per.

Without paying any particular attention to the acquiring of telegraphic knowledge, Korty, at odd times, picked up a letter or two of the Morse alphabet, but like all new beginners, he would get the letters mixed and the letter "c" would be twisted into an "r," an "x" into a "q," etc. He did not seem to be cut out for an operator and would, no doubt, have clung to the drug store, had not a simple little incident occurred which materially changed his future.

The line was down south of Fort Madison one day, and one of the little river packet steamers brought a letter from the manager of the Keokuk office, bearing the following legend:

"Important, open and forward quickly."

Richmond Smith, manager, was out on the line looking for the trouble, and Louis H. Korty, messenger, thought it his duty to open that package, inasmuch, too, as it was labeled "Important."

Fourteen messages were in the envelope, all going to Chicago and the east.

What was there to be done? Richmond Smith's return was problematical, and the telegrams were all important.

Young Korty made up his mind that it was up to him to distinguish himself, but then he did not even know the alphabet.

Luckily he found a copy of the Morse alphabet in a dusty pigeon-hole of the druggist's desk.

Armed with this for a reference, Korty proceeded to call "Ch."

"I," "I," "Ch," came as a response.

Trembling in every nerve, the embryo artist essayed to remark: "I have fourteen messages which came up by boat from Keokuk, and there is no operator here to send them, and what shall I do?"

The Chicago operator was Fred H. Tubbs, and he replied slowly "ga," but Korty did not understand what "ga" meant.

Mr. Tubbs was anxious to get those messages moving, and he, no doubt figured that a chap who had the nerve to call the Chicago office and inform him of the situation, had also perspicuity enough to work the messages off.

Changing his "ga" to "send them along" encouraged the youthful aspirant and he started in.

Frequently was the paper containing the Morse code consulted and often a letter "c" and "x" was transposed, but the excellent judgment of Mr. Tubbs eliminated all errors, and when the last of the 14 messages had been transmitted, Mr. Tubbs said:

"O. K.," boy, you are a daisy," and Korty sat down sweating from every pore.

It was a very nervy thing for a boy to undertake, and when Richmond Smith returned from repairing the line, he upbraided the messenger for his temerity, but, the next day in comparing with the Chicago office, he found there was not an error made.

Richmond Smith was shortly afterwards called to the Chicago office and Louis H. Korty was made manager of the Fort Madison office, his appointment being recommended by Fred H. Tubbs, who saw a good future for the erstwhile messenger.

The great war of the Rebellion is over and adjustment and reconciliation is trying to be effected.

Louis H. Korty gave up the office at Fort Madison and enlisted in the Union army at an early date of the trouble.

He was always ready to do his duty, and nothing was too difficult for him to attempt. He was merely carrying out the lesson he learned when he sent his first telegrams.

After filling with satisfaction many positions during the days of Reconstruction, Korty was appointed manager of the New Orleans office.

There were many sympathizers with the South employed as clerks and operators in the New Orleans office, and there was, no doubt, many a bleeding heart among these noble fellows. Korty, in his quiet, gentle way, tried to make the past forgotten and engender a more loving spirit among his employees.

BREAKING A STRIKE

TELEGRAPH companies, sometimes, get on a strike, and the experience that they acquire in the "real thing" serves them well in gaining their point.

Dennis F. Brown, one of the old, old-timers, relates his experience when the telegraph company struck on the Dwyer brothers, who conducted a race track at Gray's End, along about 1892.

There were in the neighborhood of 200 pool rooms doing business in New York at this time, and the company were furnishing the sports with race track bulletins. It was a profitable enterprise for the company, but Dwyer Brothers found that most of their patrons were viewing the races from the Broadway pool rooms, instead of visiting the race track and purchasing an entrance fee.

The race track proprietors determined to exclude the telegraph company from the field and put up a prohibitory price to allow the company on the grounds, something in the thousands of dollars daily.

Failure to accede to these extravagant demands resulted in the wires being cut and the instruments eliminated from the track.

This was a sudden and hard blow. The telegraph company was under contract to furnish the pool rooms with the returns, and failure to do so meant endless litigation.

In this dilemma, resort was had to various ways of beating the devil around the stump, so to speak.

Supt. Humestone gathered around him to cope with this emergency, a number of daring and enterprising operators to assist in breaking the strike. There were men from Chicago and New York, conversant with the means necessary to carry on a warfare such as must be used in these emergencies.

Denny Brown, who was working in Washington, was wired to report to New York office. Denny had taken part in two strikes, but always on the other side of the fence, and it was thought his experience in such matters would be valuable.

The few days preceding the race was spent in rehearsing the programme to be carried out, and on the opening day of the races, the company felt, if they were unmolested, they would be able to handle the situation.

The Dwyer brothers, however, were not asleep and had engaged the services of 105 Pinkerton detectives to see that the telegraph company were shut out completely, but they "reckoned without the host."

Denny Brown's fine mind brought into play some two dozen homing pigeons.

These tractable birds were carried into the grounds by young ladies who wrote off in turn news from the track. A

little slip of paper with this news was tied around the pigeon's neck, when she was set at liberty.

The birds flew to their nest, where a Morse set was in active operation and the contents of the billet was wired speedily to the pool rooms.

This little play lasted for two days, when Pinkertons' men caught on and began ruthlessly shooting the birds.

The Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was invoked to prevent this massacre, but the jig was up so far as working the carrier pigeons to assist in the fight was concerned.

Two hundred baseballs were next bought, the returns being put inside the ball and tossed over the fence, where the watchful Denny, or his cohorts, were on the alert to catch them on the fly.

The Pinkerton men also proved adepts as ball tossers and catchers, materially interfering with Denny's well laid plans.

After two days of this kind of skirmishing, it was decided to resort to something else.

A well-dressed gentleman appeared on the track with a cane and umbrella in hand. He had a code of wigwagging signals easily interpreted by a student of that art, but the vigilant sleuths pierced his actions and ejected him from the grounds.

The following morning two immense poles, 90 feet in height were erected on each side of the track, one being occupied at a height of 75 feet by a man with several flags, who, sitting astride a cross-arm, would go through all kinds of motions with the flags.

This was, however, merely a blind, as the real work was done from the other pole, where 60 feet above the ground and overlooking the field, sat Dennis Brown, calmly viewing the race track, and clicking off the returns to the main office, when they were immediately forwarded to the pool rooms.

So cleverly had Brown wired the pole and made the connections with the office in the adjacent hotel, that the most scrutinizing examination by the Pinkerton men could not elicit anything of what was going on, the man with the flags on the other pole being thought to be the real worker.

A couple more days went by and the stratagem was unearthed and further devices had to be resorted to.

The following day, a gentleman, with three elegantly attired ladies, in an open barouche drove into the grounds. The

Walla W.A.

J. P. McGowan Lee Williams
 E. B. Bauer William Dinning
 Ella E. Litchford M. Cohen
 J. N. Murray J. E. Jenkins
 C. O. Owens E. E. Sheppard
 Edw. A. Mupra Howard I. Barker
 K. A. Kaake E. H. Carter
 F. M. Fitzpatrick J. C. King
 V. H. Putman Wm. Barnfather
 W. J. Quinn L. W. Williams
 C. W. Aldridge J. M. McHenry
 F. M. Tucker J. M. Kelly
 Joe. A. Sapowitch Edw. L. Herald
 D. D. Beach C. A. Rowe
 F. M. Miller William Adams
 M. O. Miller Sam. H. Payoh.
 R. M. Purcell O. Anderson
 J. E. Goodman Jno. Gill
 Mary A. Wagner Daniel D. Davis
 Peter H. Jones S. Morgan
 Mary F. Linderberg B. H. Rendell
 Wm. R. Thomson S. C. Bachwald

J. P. Judd
 W. P. Collins
 J. C. Durcell
 J. B. King
 Mary Sexton
 L. Addison
 Mrs. L. H. Freeman
 A. E. Kyle
 Mrs. C. E. Crandall
 Maude A. Hoffman
 Mary R. Silb.
 Mary A. Dondora
 Alth. Hoover
 Ed. Cameron
 L. Rabinowitz
 Catherine M. Wells
 Mrs. E. M. Starke
 J. C. Stephen
 Ida Fitzpatrick
 Margaret M. Smith

Anna Dunning
 Mary D. Gaffner
 Edw. E. Allen
 Charles E. Allen
 J. P. Dunning

driver was perched on his box, as usual, but there were some things occurring which were not as usual.

On the driver's head rested a high hat with a glass top. In other words the top of the hat had been removed and a round piece of glass inserted.

Under the driver's seat was a battery, which was attached by secret wires to a key in the vest pocket of the gentleman occupant of the carriage, Mr. Frost by name.

Two hundred feet away and on the cupola of a hotel, in a room, the windows of which were covered with black cambric to shut out inspection, sat Denny Brown, alive to his business.

A slit had been made in the cambric, and through this hole a spyglass was inserted, and there was the boy, Dennis Brown, completely removed from gazers, reading the flashes of light out of the cab driver's hat at the same time transmitting the mystic characters to their destination, the pool rooms. Mr. Frost was entirely unobserved, and no one could possibly suspect the driver, and there you are.

This ruse was a world beater, but even this neat piece of strategy had its day, for one night the cab driver got on a jamboree and exhibited his hat, which told the tale, putting the Pinkerton men wise. It was all too late, however, as it was the last day of the races, and the enterprise of the company and Denny Brown's discriminating mind had won the day.

SILENCE IS GOLDEN

“**S**PEECH is silver, but silence is golden,” is an ever wise adage, as the following story will illustrate.

There was a young man working in the New York office in the '70's named Willis J. Cook, familiarly known to the fraternity as “Biff” Cook.

Mr. Cook has been immortalized in song and story by his life-long friend, Walter P. Phillips.

Biff came to Omaha in 1877 and was immediately received into the hearts of all the boys.

He was full of anecdote and reminiscences and would entertain by the hour spinning yarns, all good and interesting.

“I’ve a good one on the New York Herald,” and Biff smiled meditatively, but it is hardly fair to repeat it again.

It occurred in the early '70's, and reports received from Mount Vesuvius had a tendency to worry the people. An eruption was expected and the people generally were on the *qui vive* to get the news. Much rumbling was heard and occasionally a volume of smoke would issue from the crater, spreading consternation among the surrounding inhabitants.

All of the big New York daily papers immediately dispatched a corps of correspondents to the scene with instructions to work quickly when the time came. Representatives of the press from all parts of the globe were there, and a right jolly lot they were.

The hoary old mountain was flirting apparently with the correspondents, for it would be on its good behavior for days at a time, then belch forth a little smoke, merely to indicate that it was still in business, but not ready for action.

The different representatives of these papers would meet and chat over the situation, exchanging ideas and items, and as they were a merry lot a good time was had.

There was one chap, however, who did not partake in these merry gatherings, yet was always around just the same, but was no mixer.

This was the correspondent of the New York Herald and his name was David Fraser, a Scotchman by birth.

For several days Fraser refused any intimacy with his fellow correspondents, who were trying to figure out some scheme to make him more sociable.

A dinner was given in honor of Fraser, and many of the knights of the quill were present.

Wine was indulged in, and right here Fraser was at home.

The other correspondents had made no secret of their instructions from their journals, and all were anxious to know what were the orders given to the Herald man.

The fruit of the wine made this a matter of easy accomplishment.

While the dinner progressed Fraser found his tongue, as is generally the custom in such cases, and once started, wanted to talk incessantly.

It did not take long for the Scotchman to give away his instructions. He announced that his people had told him just as soon as the eruption started to cable just two words and they would do the rest.

"What are the two words?" rang out from all sides, but the canny Scotchman would not say.

Continued libations, however, made him still more communicative.

"Well, I tell ye, lads, I'm just to cable 'Vesuvius groans,' and my work is done."

Significant looks passed around the table and an adjournment was soon made.

"I'll tell you, boys, it will be the joke of the season," said the Times correspondent, addressing his colleagues.

A laugh went up, and the party repaired to the telegraph office and the following cablegram was put on the wire:

"To the New York Herald, New York:

"Vesuvius groans."

Under the deep, blue sea sped the bogus message, and "Here it is at last" came from the telegraph editor.

Column after column, page after page, scenes from the imaginary eruption were depicted, making a most thrilling story.

The New York Herald was the only paper which published the story and queries from the other journals to their correspondents were flashed over the cable early the following morning.

When the truth became manifest a great laugh went up. David Fraser had to seek another position, and it is presumed that he has learned the art of keeping his business to himself.

K. C. B.

HE was an impressive looking chap as he walked into the office of the Western Union Telegraph Company and reported for assignment to Chief Operator W. J. Sullivan.

"I am George C. Gute and I have been sent here to go to work and am ready to begin my duties," said the newcomer, in a voice and with a manner which indicated good breeding and polish.

Mr. Sullivan greeted the stranger in his usual cordial manner and assigned his hours for work.

Gute had put up at the best hotel in the city. His clothes were of the finest texture and the most fashionable cut. A fur-lined overcoat, which must have cost several hundred dollars.

covered his form. He was six feet three inches in height, with an easy military bearing, a strikingly handsome face, possessing every indication of a man to the manor born.

The first afternoon spent in Detroit by Gute was devoted to hunting up a place to live.

In passing up Fort street he observed a quaint, old-fashioned, aristocratic looking house, built in years gone by, in which he found an elegant suite of rooms.

He met the concierge, a most aristocratic lady, who became impressed with Gute's appearance and carriage.

The room was plainly, but massively furnished, the appointments partaking of revolutionary times, and everything was in keeping and harmonized with the surroundings.

A few days after the arrival of Gute in the Detroit office, letters began pouring in addressed to him through the mails. Most of this mail originated in Chicago and some waggish friend, in forwarding the letters, had prefixed various titles to his name, such as "Commodore" George Gute, "George Gute, K. C. B.," "His Excellency," George Gute, "Prince" George Gute, "Duke" George Gute, etc., etc.

The boys in the Detroit office were speedy to catch on and they, too, added their quota to the easy titles Gute was receiving.

Now, these letters were sent over to Gute's apartments, he being on night duty, and, of course, the addresses and titles were carefully scrutinized and criticised by the landlady and her maiden daughter, who began to suspect that they were entertaining royalty unawares.

"Why, mamma, I could tell that he was a Prince from the first time I laid my eyes on him. He has probably had an affair of the heart, and is now traveling incognito, but you cannot hide royalty, and oh, mamma, supposing he should take a liking to me?" and here the young lady blushed in anticipation.

Gute met mother and daughter in the hallway as he was leaving the house for his evening duties at the telegraph office. All the haughtiness and stiffness of the day before was gone, and both ladies beamed smilingly and graciously upon him as he disappeared down the stairway.

"I wonder what's up?" ejaculated George, as he sped along. "They have certainly changed their demeanor," but he did not realize that the ladies had read the addresses on his mail ere it

had reached him, and the titles, his noble bearing, not to mention his fur-lined overcoat, had created the metamorphosis.

It was 1:00 a. m. when George Gute repaired to his quarters on Fort street.

He opened the door as usual, walked leisurely upstairs, opened the door of his own apartment, glanced around the room and quick as a flash closed the door and sped down the stairway into the street.

"I got into the wrong house," he exclaimed. "Let's see where I am. No, this is the right number sure and my key unlocks the door. Perhaps, after all, I merely got into the wrong room, so I'll be more careful and see."

Taking another look at the number to assure himself that he was right, he again opened the door and quietly climbed the stairs.

"Yes, this is the room that I paid for," he mused, "and I will try it again."

He opened the door hesitatingly, but the room did not look anything like the one he had left only a few hours previously. All of the furniture had been changed, but there was his trunk and some of his clothing, but what had happened?

A mirror six feet tall had replaced the dinky looking glass of the previous day, a magnificent Steinway piano adorned the corner, the carpets and bed had been changed, and the room was sumptuous to a royal degree.

"This is certainly grand, but there's nothing too good for me," smilingly remarked the young man to himself, as he laid himself down for his night's rest.

Much attention was lavished on Gute by the ladies of the house for the next few days, the young man being occasionally addressed by them as "My Lord," much to his amusement.

Another installment of mail received the following day, with additional titles, occasioned still greater tokens of respect and deference, and Gute tumbled.

He did not attempt to deceive the ladies, but enjoyed their homage for a few days longer, when he betook himself to a more modest apartment, where he would be free from suspicions of royalty.

His former landlady never learned anything to the contrary and if she happens to read this story she will learn for the first time that George C. Gute was Knight of the Bath in name only.

AN EMBRYO ARTIST

JOE W. BAKER is known from one end of Canada to the other and has filled numerous positions with the C. P. R. as well as serving his own city in an official capacity.

Joe is now with the C. P. R. Telegraph Company at Vancouver, B. C., and like many others likes to review the days when he was a struggling artist.

"I began to learn the business at a little town in Ohio, named Sazerac," began Joe, "and after a few months' preparation at the depot office, where I served as messenger, porter and general utility man, I was offered a position at Findlay, Ohio, some twenty-one miles up the line.

"I was a tall, rawboned, gawky, gangling boy in those days. I used to play baseball with the home team, played football, too, and was personally known to all the farmer boys and girls within a radius of ten miles of Sazerac.

"I had to wait for my passes for two days, during which time I told everyone that I knew of my intended departure, inviting one and all to come and see me off on the train, which they promised to do.

"At prayer meeting, on Thursday evening, the good minister announced to the congregation that one of his fold was going traveling, a long way off (Findlay was just twenty-one miles away). He besought the earnest prayers of his congregation for this young man, who was going out into the world to seek his fortune. They were also invited to come to the train and wish me God-speed on my journey. His entreaties were touching and his exhortations mesmerized me into a state of self-complacency, and I felt ready to do and dare anything to receive such encomiums.

Next day, about noon, I was ready to start, and my friends began to gather to bid me goodbye.

"There they were, school friends, boys and girls, my school teacher, the boys of the baseball team, old men and women, most of them bringing some token, or present, with them.

"Good old Grandma Smith had some home-made doughnuts; Auntie Harrison baked a special pumpkin pie for me; then there were all kinds of fruits, until I had enough 'eats' in sight to fill a barrel. Everybody wished me well and made me promise to write often and I suppose that I must have promised 200 people that they would hear from me at least once a week.

"The train for Findlay arrived, stopped, took me aboard amid the cheers and goodbys of my friends, and we were off.

"I had been practicing telegraphing for seven months and I reckoned that I was far removed from being a 'ham,' but it seems that the further I got away from Sazerac, the less my confidence became and I could not remember even how to make my letters. I tried to think if the figure '3' was three dots, a dash and a dot, or the reverse. Other letters came up the same way and I could not remember if the letter 'm' was two dashes or two dots.

"As I progressed on my journey, each succeeding mile seemed to take away a little more and more of my knowledge of the art of telegraphy, so, when the engine whistled for Findlay, I found that I remembered how to make the letter 'e,' but that was all.

"Now, then, this knowledge was not sufficient to justify me in undertaking the position as night operator for the railroad company at Findlay, but what could I do? It would never have done to return to Sazerac and be held up as a laughing stock, after the big send-off I had received. No, I'd go ahead and bluff it through.

"Meekly, I introduced myself to the day operator, who took me all in.

"'You'll have a train order at midnight; you'll have to sell tickets for No. 7 and you will have two messages to send from our agent early in the morning.'

"As the enormity of my multifarious duties dawned upon me, I wished I was home, and I sank down utterly in a mental stupor.

"The day operator, a merry chap by the way, soon left the office, placing me in charge.

"I found a copy of the Morse alphabet pasted on the wall and eagerly began to study it. I copied off the alphabet to make sure that I had it.

"Presently the dispatcher began to call me. I knew him; he was a crank and his name was M. S. Cozzens.

"I debated in my mind the wisdom of answering up, but his persistency won the day. I answered timidly, 'I, I, F.'

"'Is Oppenheimer there?' came the question. I did not get what he said, but later on found that that was what he asked.

"'Yes, sir, I am the operator,' I replied confidently.

"'Is Oppenheimer there, I say?' came the question, but I did not get it right.

"'Yes, sir, I am the operator,' I replied.

"'What's the operator's name?' was now asked.

"'Quick as lightning, I replied, 'Joe Wheeler Baker.'

"Some more sparring ensued and a message was sent me.

"Oh, that awful message, and how I sweat blood while receiving it.

"It was addressed to 'Oppenheimer' and went on to tell him to send three empties on No. 3 in the morning.

"I was not sure about the figure '3,' so I wrote the letters "sn" over the '3' so that Oppenheimer could take his choice.

"The trying ordeal of selling tickets came next and I found I was not equal to the task and told the travelers that they could pay on board the passenger train.

"I laid down and slept the rest of the night and when the day man showed up, I went over to the hotel.

"I hardly had got into bed when the day operator came over with a telegram from the superintendent, discharging me and enclosing a pass back to Sazerac.

"Imagine my feelings to have to go back and face good old Grandma Smith and the other ladies who had remembered me with their pastries, and how could I meet Alice Brown, to whom I had drawn such a vivid picture of what the future had in store for us.

"As the miles homeward were being re-traced, the knowledge of telegraphy returned to me, and by the time Sazerac was reached, 'Richard was himself again,' to use a Shakespearian expression.

"Quietly, I got off the rear car and quickly I crossed the fields to my mother's home, who received me with joy, comforting me and telling me she was glad to have me back.

"I remained home four weeks, practicing continually, and then appeared in public again.

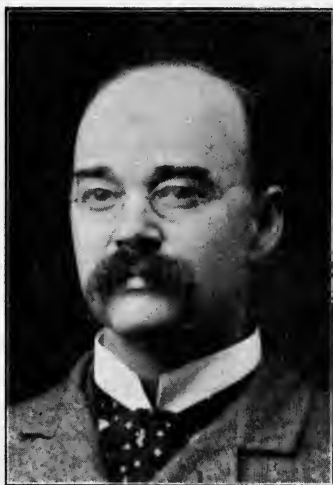
"This time I was offered a position as night operator at Napoleon, which proved to be a snap, and this was my real start as a railroad operator.

"Many years have elapsed since these occurrences took place, but I can never forget that awful trying night at Findlay, Ohio," and Joe Baker smiled his 7x9 smile.

RENEWING OLD FRIENDSHIPS

DURING the last two decades we have been asked probably more than a hundred times the whereabouts of our boyhood friend, Cassius Hamlin White. These inquiries have reached us from all sections of the country, as far east as Massachusetts, and as far south as Texas, coming alike from operator, manager and superintendent.

We parted company with Cass White in Ogden, Utah, in 1879, and did not see him again until August of the present year.



C. H. WHITE



MRS. C. H. WHITE

when we spent three very delightful days at his home in Adrian, Mich., where we found him still connected with the Western Union Telegraph Company in that city.

As a young man Mr. White was a strictly first-class telegraph operator and has filled positions in many of the larger offices of the country. He was always gentle, kind and forbearing, loyal to his friends and had no enemies. These habits have followed him during his whole career, mellowing as the years glided by.

It was then a double pleasure to meet and greet Mr. White, with nothing to disappoint one in his personality or character.

Nearly thirty years ago Mr. White was lucky enough to win

Henrietta Wells for a life partner, and together they have traveled hand in hand through life's journey.

A house of cheer, a house of happiness, is theirs, and "The American Telegrapher" hopes to see them celebrate their diamond wedding.

THE MYSTERIOUS 700

"YOU have heard the song, 'And the Mill Will Never Grind Again With the Water Which Has Passed,'" said Harry Dowling, acting chief operator of the Western Union at Washington, D. C., to us, during our recent visit to that city. "Well, I heard Walter Phillips relate a story once which put me forcibly in mind of that song, although the story and song had really no connection. Here it is:

"I was traveling some years ago to St. Louis and on board the smoking compartment of the sleeper I met Mr. Phillips and some other telegraph celebrities and presently we fell to storytelling.

"When I was Associated Press operator early in my life,' said Mr. Phillips, 'there happened to be sickness in my family and I was very much worried about the matter. I really could not keep my thoughts off of the sick ones. I was in this condition when Boston called up to send a special which I copied and sent out to the papers. It was about a paper mill which had burned down that morning and there was some 250 words to the item.

"Fifteen minutes later the telegraph editor rushed in and asked me what was meant by "700" all through the item'."

To the initiated no explanation is necessary.

WITHOUT PROPS

BY W. J. MAGUIRE

IT was one of those glorious days in early spring when all the windows and doors were opened wide to let in the balmy air, that the little fellow came to us.

Radiant as the morn was Romeo, aged thirteen. He made the seventh messenger, and took his place on the bench with the others who gave him the "once-over" in that droll, quizzical way, so typical of seasoned youngsters.

I had seen many boys but never one like him, and my eyes were busy with him at every opportunity. In repose, his face was beautiful, and when animated, it was angelic—no other words will do. The more I looked at him, the more sacrilegious his uniform appeared, especially the cap, with its big and ugly metallic badge. It seemed like wrapping a precious jewel in butcher's paper. But, if I were concerned in the incongruity of a Botticelli model in sweat-shop clothes and inartistic headpiece, there was something else that troubled me more—it was the occupation we had to offer him, for, in addition to delivering telegrams, this divine looking little creature was to share with the other boys in the less dignified and often demoralizing side of the work—the carrying of notes, packages, etc. Such service often led to questionable resorts, to put it mildly, and a great big corporation engaged in such traffic and employing mere children for the purpose, was a repugnant spectacle to me; but, as it was an evil which I had no power to combat, I begged the delivery clerk to protect the boy in every possible way.

"Kidney" was the captain of our crew by common consent. How the name came to him I never heard. For his years—about sixteen—he was well educated; an out and out American boy with a finely shaped head, clean cut, natty, and good to look at. Although chiefly interested in the sporting page, he also read instructive stuff and I was frequently surprised at his general information and good ideas. This side of him was carefully concealed from his bench mates. To them he was the introducer of the latest slang and the arbiter of all things pertaining to sport, and, having been connected with a theater for a brief period, he never was so satisfied as when airing his

knowledge of props, flies, wings, wing-cuts, streamers, three sheet posters, etc., etc. His opinion of various actors was listened to without interruption by the other boys. Hadn't he been on the stage himself and didn't he know what he was talking about? Vaudeville, of course, was meat and drink to him, and there were few top-liners that he did not know, at least, by reputation. He had his favorites, but the one that pleased him best was the chap that strolled on in his street clothes and put over a song or a story that gripped the house. "Why, that gink," he would say, "did a turn without props that made 'em sob or holler. No spotlight for him! Just the boards he stood on and his own voice."

We soon learned that little Romeo was the greatest tip-gatherer we ever had. He even got tips for delivering telegrams—which was unusual—but for carrying notes and packages, his tips were more numerous and much larger than those generally received. Where other boys got dimes, Romeo got quarters and half dollars. His own generosity was something rather new to his mates. He was constantly bringing in large paper bags filled with fruit or candy, and of these all were urged to help themselves.

One day a gentleman from one of the offices in the building came to me in a flustered state, explaining that he had lost a valuable ring which he was quite sure was on his desk when a messenger had been in his office. Upon quiet inquiry, I learned that Romeo had delivered a message to him shortly before the complaint was made, and, with my mind on the excessive amount of fruit and candy, this information disturbed me considerably; but, having gone through many cases of unjust suspicion, I was not ready to form an opinion, much less make an accusation, no matter what the circumstances were. The boys, however, had heard the excited man at the counter, and they whispered knowingly among themselves, all but "Kidney," who had become Romeo's staunch champion.

It was a great relief to me when the owner of the ring appeared a few hours later and with smiling apology, said he had found his treasure in one of his pockets.

When Romeo had been with us a few months we discovered that he had two pronounced failings; otherwise, he was almost perfect. His bump of location was poorly developed, which frequently caused him to ride many blocks out of his way; he also

was easily allured by street excitement of any kind. But as he was such a little terror for speed, he often made up for such losses of time. He frequently had collisions with other riders or with vehicles, and came in with scratches, cuts or bruises, but bore all such mishaps without a whimper. There was nothing effeminate about him but his face. He took good care of himself in a scrimmage, but never started anything himself. He loved harmony and happiness and wanted others to be happy.

One morning my stomach was in a rebellious mood and I came to the office without breakfast. About 10 o'clock I thought it advisable to coax myself to eat a few bites, so I called Romeo in. There was a little cafe a few blocks from the office where they made excellent coffee and where everything was daintily served. I cautioned Romeo to go there, and then gave him minute instructions. I wanted a pot of coffee, some dry toast, cut thin and well browned, and some grapes. The grapes were to be put in a large bowl and iced. "Have the toast and coffee carefully covered to keep them hot, and be particular about the grapes, Romeo; have them smothered in ice."

"Yes, sir," said Romeo.

For so simple an order he was gone a very long time, it seemed to me, but finally came rushing in, carrying a dinky little battered tray, on which reposed, without protection, a frightened looking ham sandwich and a cup of very red tea.

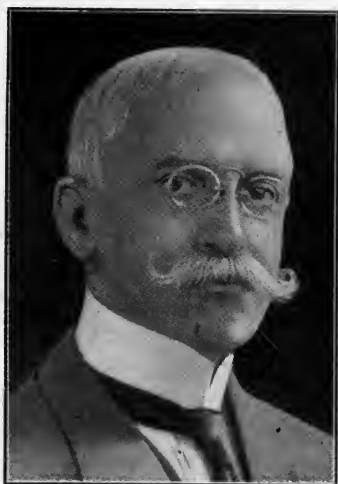
When I asked in a disgusted tone what he meant by bringing me such things, he replied: "That's what you told me."

A little later, I said: "What about the grapes, Romeo?"

"Oh, yes, they didn't have no grapes." This without a touch of resentment in his voice. Romeo evidently had followed a band, and forgotten his commission. But the ham sandwich and cup of tea cured me by absent treatment. I laughed so heartily and often that, by noon, I was ready for chops and a bottle of ale. There was nothing to do but to love the lad, no matter what he did.

He was full of quaint sayings and odd expressions. Once I sent him outside to see if it were raining, as it was difficult to tell from the office windows. Returning, he came very close to me as he always did when he had anything to say, and, pressing the ends of his fingers together, as if taking a pinch, he said, in his earnest, engaging way: "It's just little, small rain, but the sidewalk's wet."

Romeo, however, created envy and jealousy ; the other boys could not understand why they did not get one-quarter of the tips that he got. They said he worked a system. We had one boy who at first was known as "Potato Pete," but later cut down to "Potatis." He had a queer passion for cold boiled potatoes, carried them in his pocket and always had a paper of salt. "Potatis" was a cynic, and looked like a cold potato, but was an excellent messenger. Whenever we had a bit of unflinching



E. C. BOILEAU



GEO. C. MAYNARD

business to do, such as collecting small bills that were overdue, "Potatis" was put on the job, and he invariably came back with the coin.

During a heated discussion that I overheard, "Potatis" accused Romeo of limping into places where he was called, making believe he had hurt himself. "I know his game," said "Potatis," "he works the sympathy racket all the time. No wonder he gets the tips."

Others said he always made a whirlwind entrance, panting and blowing and mopping his face.

"Aw, I'm onto the little mutt. He cries and searches his pockets as if he lost a quarter. I seen him do it. The women all fall for him," said "Piggy" Flynn.

Finally, "Kidney" spoke up. "You dubs make me sick. You

eat the kid's candy and bananas and then roast him the minute he's out of sight. I tell you the kid's on the level and he works without props. Without props—See! I saw him get a dollar once—a whole dollar. It was over in the Black Cat. Jake, the barkeeper, was wrapping up a bottle of 'Green River' for me to take to 'Big Liz'—you know the dame, 'Potatis'!"

"Yes, I know the old skirt."

"Well, as I was saying, I was waiting for Jake when the kid came in to answer a call. Jake sent him over to a fat guy who was sitting at one of the tables in front of a three-pound steak. The kid just stood there, natural like, with his cap in his hand. When the guy got his billet doux ready, he pulled a dollar bill out of a long wallet. First he looked at the cashier, then he looked at the bill, then he looked at the kid and said: 'You win,' and passed him the engraving. You're not in his class. I'm not in his class. There ain't a telegraph messenger in the world in his class." It was just fun to hear "Kidney" when he became theatrical.

"Another thing," said Kidney. "You're a miserable bunch of one-night pikers, and I don't want one of you ever to speak to me again."

This speech created consternation and ended the discussion.

In a confidential way, Romeo once came to me and asked if I would keep something for him until he was ready to go home. When I gladly consented, he handed me an envelope on which he had written: "\$8.20 for my dear mother."

"That," said he, "is my regular pay and my tips what I haven't spent. I give it to my mother every week, and I'll bet you can't guess what this is," as he held up a little round package, tied with a ribbon. "This is a birthday present for my father. It's a celluloid collar—one of them shiny ones, you know. It's the finest thing in the world; when it's dirty, all you have to do is spit on it and rub it with your handkerchief and you have a clean collar. That will just suit father."

One day I looked up from my work and found Romeo's mother at the counter. I never saw her before, but recognized her instantly. There was no mistaking that face. The resemblance was remarkable. Only one difference was noticeable: her eyes were compelling. Romeo's were appealing.

In broken English, with a delicious French accent, she said she had brought her boy's lunch which he had forgotten. A

Buffalo

Carl J. Boehmann	Mabel Joyce	Anna May Young
Florence Jellison	Catherine	Edna Miller
Margaret O'Brien	Florence Klein	Marie King
Ruth Beumann	Edmund	Robert Leary
Pauline Lippman		Anna Frick
Margaret N. Shyne		Allie Wellman
Sophia M. Preskowiak		Catherine Haney
Bessie Sandgren		Margaret Mason
Georgian Smith		Charles Walkow
Oliver Miller		Bernard J. Raych
Jessie Yelvington		Cleo Morden
Allen Kelleher		Nella Wirth
M. Kelleher		Marion Brodt
Esther Meyers		W. H. Newell
		J. M. Luxenburg
		D. M. Halligan

W.B. Starnes

chair was placed for her and I was glad of the opportunity to tell her how much we thought of the little chap. She told me she had been in America ten years and had come from Nice, where her boy was born. While we were chatting, Romeo bounded in and, at sight of his mother, threw his arms around her neck and kissed her again and again. The boys tittered, but Romeo was unabashed. His eyes seemed to say: "Boys, this is my mother. Isn't she lovely?"

When the delightful scene was over, he asked permission to go with his mother for a few moments, and I watched him as, with the grace of a courtier, he escorted her to the car and, with uncovered head, bade her good-bye.

That winter was a severe one. When the streets were not coated with snow or ice, they were sloppy, and the boys' wheels were frequently laid up for repairs. "Kidney" and Romeo persisted in riding when it was dangerous to do so, Romeo being the more venturesome. On several occasions I forbade him the use of his wheel, although he begged hard for the privilege. Spring had come again and Romeo had been with us a little over a year when Charlie Brown, the delivery clerk, received the following letter through the mail:

"Mr. Brown tell the other man i can't spel his name, but tell him to excuse me for today that i have got an ofel bad ney it has a hole in it big as this (here he drew a wavering circle about the size of a quarter) this is what i am going to tell you about it is that i was trying to wride to work and my bycycle slip from yonder me and i struck my ney on the curve stone and i cant hardly walk so i am tell-you the trute so please let me of today i will be to work in the morning earli if my ney gets better you know that the car cut the hole in it i am sorry that i dident come to work this morning this letter is from

"Romeo Bendelari."

The next morning came, and the next, and many more mornings, but no little Romeo came to brighten them with his smiles.

Kidney was sent to his home with a little token and a letter of sympathy and cheer, to which all of us, including many admirers in the building, signed our names. He found the little fellow battling with pain, but left him smiling and hopeful.

After several days of expectancy, a note in a feminine hand arrived which read:

"Monsieur le Managaire:

"The money I receive. I mean for come make the explain, but the heart I have not. My leetle Romeo she is dead and bury. Excuse please the lettaire I write not parfaitement the language Eengleesh. Merci beaucoup.

"Accept please the apolozhee.

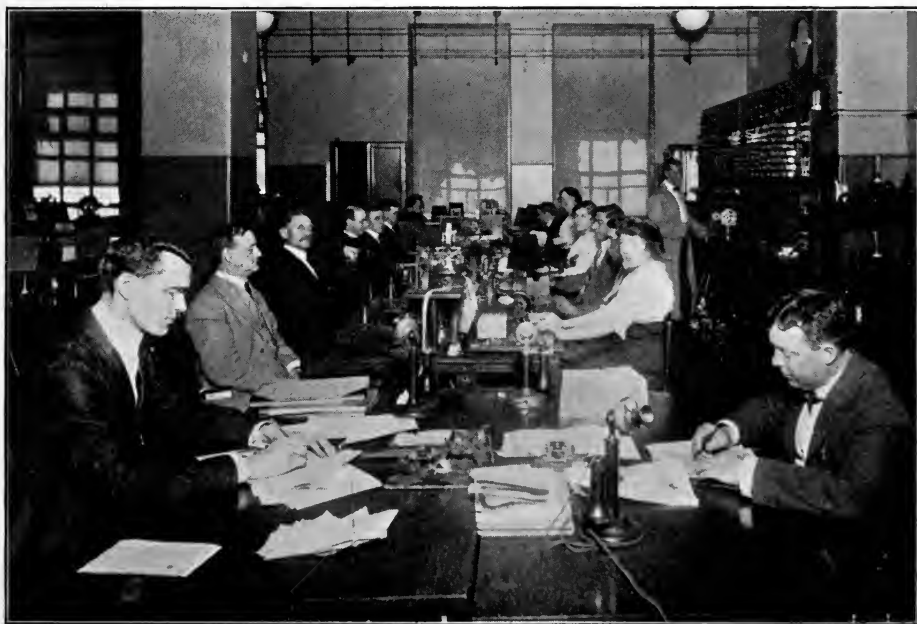
"Phelise Bendelari."

I could not trust myself to speak, but with trembling hand wrote on a blank:

"The dearest boy we ever knew is gone from us forever. Little Romeo is dead and buried."

This I handed to Charlie, who, with deep emotion, passed it out to the boys. They spoke in hushed tones. "Kidney" went out into the street with his grief and was gone some time. Later they held a consultation and then took Charlie into their confidence. They were going to find out where Romeo was buried and take flowers to his grave.

On the following Sunday morning, while the church bells were ringing, six boys, laden with flowers, arrived at the ceme-



BUFFALO WESTERN UNION, 1915

tery, where, in a remote corner, under a blossoming dogwood, they found the resting place of all that was mortal of their late comrade. Tenderly they covered the spot with roses; then, led by "Kidney" they doffed their caps, and kneeling reverently, whispered to the breeze scraps of the prayers their mothers taught them—a touching tribute to the memory of a nature too gentle and artless for them always to understand.

Many years have come and gone since that day. Of that little band of boys I know the career of only one. "Kidney," his bench-name long since smothered by dignity and authority, now commands many men, and it is true to say that justice nicely blended with consideration, is freely dispensed from his high seat, and in the language of his old days he still knows when a gink works with or without props.

In my rambles in the spring, I never see the resplendent dogwood by the country roadside without thinking of the little mound of fresh earth covered with roses in that peaceful spot overlooking the silent river, and I like to believe that somewhere there is a big, sunny-faced Italian with silvering hair, whose most precious possession is a wonderful, shiny collar, and by his side as he sits in the twilight is the sharer of all his joys and sorrows, into whose brilliant eyes has crept, to mingle with the flash, the wistful, appealing look of the little child of long ago.



SECTION II.

STORIES OF THE SUNNY SOUTH

BY JEFF W. HAYES

A TRAVELING AUDITOR'S EXPERIENCE

THE life of a special agent is not a happy one, as Mr. Sweeney, traveling auditor for the W. U. at Dallas, Texas, will relate.

"Some years ago," said Mr. Sweeney, "I was sent out to check up the Ogden office.

"It was my first assignment alone and I was very nervous. I walked up and down the street several times with the telegraph office as my objective point, finally mustering up sufficient courage to enter.

"Mildly did I ask for the manager, who came to the counter, with the inquiry, 'What do you want, kid?'

"I handed the big fellow my card, which he read. Coming around to my side, he queried, 'I say, kid, are you an A. P. A.?'

"Vehemently, I denied the soft impeachment.

"Again the big fellow inquired 'Are you a Mason?'

"I replied in the negative, when he ejaculated in a loud voice, 'Then tell me, how did a fellow with your name get this kind of a job?'

* * * * *

Some weeks later, Mr. Sweeney was in Colorado, and, in company with Mr. Carlson, essayed a ride to the top of Pike's Peak.

They were the first ones of the season to make the ascent, and the last 200 feet were compelled to walk through the slushy snow up to their waist line.

Reaching the summit, the first objects of interest were two graves, one commemorating the discoverer of Pike's Peak and the other "Sacred to the memory of Patrick O'Rourke," one of the first miners to make the ascent.

"See there," said Mr. Sweeney to his companion, "you see the Irish are always on top."

A stranger heard the remark, and quickly responded, "Yes, the Irish are on top now, but wait till Guggenheimer buys up the old peak, and then you'll hear 'Rouse mit the Irish,'"

THE FLYING SQUADRON

THE Western Union Telegraph Company ramifies every State and section of our glorious country, but there are some States and sections where the company's employes do not, or, rather, did not, show strict fealty to the company, evidently believing that they were too far from headquarters to be under immediate jurisdiction.

This condition of affairs was once the case, but it is the case no longer.

"The Flying Squadron" was a team of a dozen merry fellows, selected each for some peculiar qualification, which would make him valuable in the combination, and the combination was invincible.

For instance, one was a cracker-jack as a chief operator, another would be a jo-dandy as a manager, the third was a heavy weight when it came to sizing up the cashier's accounts, and so it was all the way up and down the line.

It was considered to be an excellent stunt to send these dozen lively fellows over the division to inject the proper spirit into the managers, chief operators and other employes.

Down would swoop this "awful" Flying Squadron upon an unsuspecting office, taking complete charge of affairs and relegating the regular force to the woods, while putting them through the tormenting process of investigating their office.

All departments would be gone over thoroughly, and the next day it would be something else.

It is not our purpose to criticise or to ask if these visits were of benefit to the service, but there is no doubt that much valuable information was secured and a needed shaking up all round did some good.

During the evenings the Flying Squadron would make up their individual reports to their chairman, who, in turn, would revise the same, making up one comprehensive report which would be forwarded each evening, so that every day's work was complete and mailed to the general manager before midnight.

These reports were generally compiled during the dinner hour and at the dinner table, which was the occasion of a good time. Stories were told and narratives were related, and sometimes songs were sung by the merry members of the Squadron. And so the days passed by.

A Buffalo

F A Chiedo	affurke
P. J. Haley	Geo Collins
L. B. Owen	Mrs C F Towers
S. S. Davidson	A C Herold
M. V. Haines	M Mesches
E. S. Macdonald	J H Cowie
Francis J. Clark	B. C. Toner
Caroline B. Weaver	Winifred A. Farrel
Geo B. Lopez	B. J. Lee
James M. Regan	R. A. Moesch
Libbie Dunn	M. M. Byrnes
H. O. Wydmann	M. T. Byrnes
C. E. Rook	H. Davis
J. Phelly	Otto C. Bester
J. A. Canty	Wm. Wachs
	C. A. Haight
	J. A. Farbox
	J. R. Medvintz
	Ludwig Zepka
	L. V. H. Love

Harry Shapiro
Goldman

It occurred, in course of their ramblings, they visited the metropolis of one of our greatest States, putting up at the St. Anthony hotel, a hostelry unequalled in the country.

The usual doings at the office and over the city had been enacted and the happy dozen repaired to the hotel to make up their usual report and enjoy a good dinner.

The boys were unusually merry this evening, and their jokes and laughter attracted the attention of a quiet, unobtrusive young man sitting at an adjoining table.

Addressing a waiter the young man asked him to invite the Merry Squadron to take a drink with him.

"Take a drink with him?" said Logan, "yes, we will take a drink with anyone," and that was the consensus of opinion of his companions.

Five minutes later the stranger repeated the invitation to have a drink, which was again accepted, and presently the generous stranger came over to the telegraph table and addressed the boys, stating that he was quite interested in their merry jokes and witticisms and that he would like to get better acquainted and wouldn't they join him at dinner the next evening.

Objections were raised, "We don't know you." "We don't like to impose on your hospitality." "We have not the time." But to all these objections the stranger had but one reply to make, and that was, "Name the hour," "Name the day."

Finally Mr. Smith decided that the following evening would suit and asked if it was thought that there could be a general hunger at, say, 7:30 p. m. The boys thought that by trying very hard they might be able to get up an appetite, and the invitation was accepted.

The word was passed around the next day that the dinner was to be a full dress affair, and the members of the Flying Squadron ransacked the various costumers to rent a dress suit, as high as \$20 being paid as a premium for the proper garb.

Dinner was ready at the appointed time and the host and the guests were on hand.

How can I describe the appointments of the dining room?

The dinner was served in one of the hotel's largest private dining rooms and the room itself was lavishly decorated with roses. A string band, completely hidden in a bower of roses, discoursed sweet and low music. The table was a veritable

flower garden, each guest having a bouquet of rare flowers at his plate.

Two athletic girls sat in a corner half concealed from view by the omnipresent roses. They had been engaged to interest the guests with their terpsichorean maneuvers.

The host, who now introduced himself as "Mister Howard," was smiling and complacent and attentive to the wishes of his guests.

Dinner was presently served and it was surely a marvel of the caterer's art. Nothing was neglected to tempt their appetites, and full justice was done to the banquet. Everyone was merry and glad to be there.

Cafe noir was finally reached and served with cognac, and then the cigars were passed around, followed shortly by champagne, which flowed in plentitude.

The presence of the wine warmed the cockles of each heart, and more interest became manifest in the personality of the host.

"I'll wager he is a Lord in disguise," said Mr. Smith.

"Lord! Why not say Prince," ejaculated Mr. Cole. "He can certainly be of no lesser degree than a Prince."

Others of the party thought he might be a Baron or a Count, but it was evident that their host was some pumpkins, and he was entitled to every attention which might be coming to him.

Incidentally, the host mentioned, in an off-hand way, something regarding the telephone company, and immediately the assemblage pricked up their ears.

"Ah, that's it; he is connected with the telephone company," and instantly greater attentions were showered on "Lord" Howard, and he was plied with questions with a view to disclosing his identity or his connection with the great monopoly. But "Lord" Howard was not to be caught, and by adroit replies to all inquiries he managed to have them understand that he was deeply interested in the telephone company. Mr. Howard would give utterance to a remark occasionally which had all the earmarks of a person accustomed to telegraphic lore, and all were eager to do him reverence and show allegiance.

But the night wore on. The ladies displayed their beautiful limbs in the artistic dance, a couple of lusty singers warbled the latest popular songs, and wine glasses were filled and emptied with remarkable precision and speed.

"With your kind permission, Prince Howard," quoth King

Cole, as he drained his glass, and the coterie then followed suit.

Approaching Mr. Smith at this juncture, "Lord" Howard quietly remarked: "I say, my friend, I have a draft for \$2,000 which I'd like to have you endorse, as I have but little ready money with me."

"Oh, that's all right, my Lord, just let's wait till we get upstairs and I'll endorse you for \$10,000," and "Lord" Howard slunk away.

It was now getting along toward 2:00 a. m. and many of the guests were carried off to bed upon the shoulders of the watchful porter.

It was a hot night and, as "Lord" Howard sauntered through the lobby of the hotel, hatless, he remarked to the night clerk that he believed he would walk out and get a few breaths of fresh air.

Quickly he walked to the corner and entering a taxicab, ordered the chauffeur to drive as speedily as possible to a place three miles distant from the hotel, where he was dismissed, Howard loitering for a few minutes to make sure he was not observed. Then he walked down the street for two blocks, quickly disappearing inside a modest looking lodging house.

But, oh, what a difference in the morning!

About 10 o'clock the members of the Flying Squadron began pulling themselves together. All complained that their hair pulled, but, nevertheless, they all agreed that they had had the time of their lives.

"Where is the Lord?" queried one. "Where is the Prince?" asked another. "I wonder where the Baron is?" questioned a third, when in came the landlord of the hotel.

"I can tell you something about the 'Lord,' the 'Prince,' the 'Baron,'" he ejaculated savagely. "I have just come from his room and I found him gone. He left a little hand satchel, which I opened and found it contained a bath towel; only this and nothing more."

The telegraphers were tempted to laugh at the hotel man's discomfiture, but that functionary quickly said:

"Oh, this is not a laughing matter with you. You fellows have eaten it, you have drank it, you have enjoyed it; now you pay for it."

This was a bay horse of another color, and laughter gave way to serious consideration. A few minutes' earnest talk be-

tween the landlord and the members of the Flying Squadron convinced the latter that it would be a wise stunt to settle the bill and swallow their chagrin as becomingly as they had swallowed the wine on the previous night. The "invisible" string band, the "athletic" dancing girls, the "lusty" singers, all came in with their bills, which were duly audited by the most competent auditor of the party and arrangements were speedily made for the settlement of the same, the landlord assisting in financing the arrangement.

The next day the members of the Flying Squadron moved camp to an adjacent city, leaving one of their number to "clean up."

Eternal secrecy had been sworn to by all of the members of the devoted Squadron, and the local press was "seen," but they had no knowledge of the incident.

Two days later, however, the Morning Expostulator came out with a full page account of the elaborate dinner at the swell hotel, going into the most minute details of the affair.

Instantly the lone member wired his colleagues that the cat was out of the bag and asked for instructions, which speedily came. He was told to buy up the street circulation and then to go to the newspaper office, ascertain if the forms had been unlocked; if so, to buy up the entire edition and consign it to the furnace fire.

This was an additional expenditure, but it seemed necessary, and after it was over all breathed easier.

A week had passed by, when one evening the general manager unexpectedly dropped in just at dinner time, and while each member of the Squadron was busily engaged in making up his report.

The word was passed around that for the present jigwater must be eschewed.

The general manager was very much interested in each man's labor and in the general report, and he so expressed himself, complimenting each man on his good work, but winding up his address with the remark, "Yes, gentlemen, you have done very well, and I am pleased with your work, but there is one thing that does not strike me right; you don't seem to treat me with as much hospitality as you did 'Lord' Howard."

We will now draw the veil over what followed, but there were no severe consequences. The boys had their fun, paid for

it, and that was all there was to it. "We have danced and we have paid the piper," explained one.

The above occurrence took place a little over three years ago, and all of those who participated in the memorable banquet will be ready to laugh over it when they read this account of it.

"Lord," "Prince," "Baron," "Count" Howard turned out to be merely a waiter in one of the restaurants patronized by the telegraph boys. From association with them and listening to their shop talk he had managed to gather enough telegraph lore to beguile even the keen members of the Flying Squadron, and give the writer an opportunity for showing "what fools we mortals be."

To those sworn to secrecy I can but say that there is nothing hidden but what must be uncovered, and in every assemblage "Bobbie" Burns will tell you that—

"There's a chiel amang ye takin' nates."

TAKE Z. SUDA

"I AM the only Japanese telegraph operator in the United States; I work for the biggest and the best telegraph company in the world, and you have to give me your business."



TAKE Z. SUDA

Thus spoke Take Z. Suda, addressing the manager of the

greatest Japanese cotton buying institution in this country, located at Dallas, Texas.

Mr. Suda's speech and the earnest talk he gave his countrymen resulted in Suda's employers enjoying a coveted patronage, frequently but ineffectually solicited previously.

Mr. Take Z. Suda was born in Tokio, Japan, 35 years ago, and came to this country with General Fred Grant after the Spanish war. He settled down in Wichita, Kan., where he taught himself the English language and the art of telegraphy.

He works side by side with his white brother in the Dallas office. No thought of race hatred is engendered by his presence among the Texas brothers, who are glad to have the young man in the office.

"LEAD ME TO IT"

WE knew him away back in '75, when we were running The Electric in St. Louis and he was a lineman, somewhere in Texas, at Paris, or Palestine.

His name was Michael Connoly, and although his chirography was crude, his articles were gems of Irish wit and humor.

Our acquaintance with Mr. Connoly was not extensive, but he made an impression upon our boyish fancy which was never eradicated, and when, a few weeks ago, the name of Mike Connoly was mentioned in Memphis, the desire to meet him was great.

It was related that he had been associated with Brann, in the Iconoclast; that he had successfully conducted a number of influential journals in Texas and Tennessee; that he was best known as a paragrapher, and that he is at present running the Memphis Scimeter.

Unfortunately we found that Mr. Connoly was out of the city and we had to content ourselves with listening to character stories about him, the number of which were legion.

"You know Mike Connoly from away back, do you?" asked Ralph Vestal. "Well, he is a great editor and very popular with our people. He is the greatest paragrapher of the age and possesses a great fondness for the telegraph and the telegraph people. His sayings are quoted and requoted, but I'll tell you a little story on him.

One evening there was a great crowd gathered at the Peabody Hotel, Mike Connoly being among the number present.

A young fellow, a graduate of the University of Virginia, was among those gathered in the cafe.

The young Virginian observed Mr. Connoly present and expressed a desire to meet the gentleman, and a mutual friend soon introduced the twain.

Genuine pleasure and delight beamed from the Southerner's face, as he greeted the doughty Connoly.

"It is most assuredly a great honor, Mr. Connoly, to meet you," began the Virginian; "I have read your articles for several years and have admired your many witty sayings and your cutting sarcasm. I have very many of your paragraphs among my clippings in my scrap book, and I often pass a pleasant hour in going over them.

"Mr. Connoly, you will please excuse my temerity, but I would consider it a great honor if you would join me in a drink; indeed I would, Mr. Connoly," and the young man paused.

Connoly knitted his shaggy eye-brows, looked the young fellow all over, to assure himself of his sincerity, and then exclaimed, "Boy, you've bate me talking. Lead me to it."

MORE LOST OPPORTUNITIES

FRANK TREMBLE, who is superintendent of telegraph of the Texas Pacific, was swinging around the circle some 25 years ago. In the course of his peregrinations he landed in the thriving city of Albina, a suburb of Portland, Oregon, where he accepted a position with the O. R. & N. Co. as operator.

A few months after his arrival he purchased an acre of ground in the city of Albina for \$275, on which he paid \$175, owing \$100 of the purchase price.

After enjoying the balmy climate of Oregon for a year or so, Mr. Tremble betook himself to Pasco, Washington. He had read the legend, "Keep your eye on Pasco," and was bound to investigate for himself the alleged wonders of that coming metropolis.

Like many another ephemeral, mushroom city, Pasco did not pan out, and young Tremble hypothecated his Albina hold-

ings for a mess of pottage, just about enough to keep him for a month, and then forgot all about the transaction.

A year or so ago a gentleman visiting Dallas became acquainted with Mr. Tremble and incidentally mentioned the name of Albina, Oregon.

"Yes," remarked Mr. Tremble, "I used to own an acre in Albina some twenty-five years ago."

"Where was it located?" queried the stranger.

Tremble had the location down pat, which he gave to the northern man, who quietly informed him that he, the stranger, was now the owner of the property, having acquired it a year previous.

"What is the value of this property today?" inquired Tremble.

"Well, I paid \$250,000 for it, but I would not sell it for less \$275,000," responded the other.

"W-h-e-w!" significantly whistled Frank Tremble, as he mentally calculated how many times \$275, the purchase price, went into \$275,000, wishing that he had never listened to the charming stories about Pasco.

A HUMAN DUPLEX

SOME years ago W. A. Logan, now night chief operator for the W. U. at Dallas, Texas, was visiting his friend, John G. Dickerson, the station agent at Pacific, Mo.

By way of entertainment one Sunday evening Mr. Dickerson invited his guest to attend Sabbath evening services at his church, which was of the Methodist persuasion.

The evening was very warm, and the congregation, partly mesmerized by the exhorting address of the minister and partly by the excessive heat, became drowsy, and many went sound asleep.

The two telegraph men were the only persons who were alert to the preacher's words, excepting Mrs. Dickerson, who sat between the two friends.

The exhorter had worked himself up to his highest pitch

and was pleading to the dulled ears of his congregation to come forward and be saved, when Dickerson reached behind his wife's back and seizing the lobe of Logan's ear and using his ear socket as a fulcrum, telegraphed, "I say, Bill, how soon do you think we will have "30" on this?"

Logan's arm crept behind Mrs. Dickerson's back and catching hold of the agent's ear was about to reply, but the preacher observed him.

Pointing a long, bony finger at the twain, he proceeded to bawl them out in orthodox style.

"You fellows over there cannot possess a morsel of reverence for this house of worship. There you are, clawing each other's ears like cats and dogs. Why don't you do your fighting on the outside and keep from disturbing our good people?"

This was a hard shot, but our heroes thought that in this case retreat was not the better part of valor and both manfully stood their ground, but neither has invoked the aid of a human duplex to convey intelligence in church since that occurrence.

"TEXAS SAMMY"

IN a southern Texas town a little boy named Sammy is employed as messenger.

The boy is bright, but unfortunately stutters very painfully, and under excitement can hardly make himself intelligible.

He was recently sent to deliver a message to a lady, who asked him to read it. Sammy started to obey her, when the lady grew very excited, imparting some of the same feeling to the messenger. Sammy asked her to sign for the message, but she declared she could not write. The boy essayed to read the telegram, but stuttered so badly and was interrupted so often that he threw the message down and ran back to the office, where he reported that the lady could not read, write or listen.

A few days later Sammy was sent out to deliver a telegram and was told to collect a quarter for the telegraph tolls.

Upon his return he turned in fifteen cents and was asked by the manager where the balance of the money was. The boy stuttered and stammered very much, and replied:

"Ah couldn't say 'quarter,' boss, so I made it fifteen cents.

Upon another occasion Sammy was sent out to collect a bill from a lady customer. Returning to the office, he indignantly exclaimed:

"Dat fool woman didn't want me, said she wanten 'nother feller named 'Itemized Bill,' or sumfin like dat."

OBEYING ORDERS

THE late Col. J. J. Dickey was a great joker, but a stickler at technicalities. He believed in obeying all rules set down, obnoxious though they might be.

Mr. Frank Tremble, superintendent of the Texas Pacific telegraph, invited the colonel to go over his line to New Orleans.

The journey was made on the top of a box car.

Just before arriving at the first station out from Dallas, Colonel Dickey interrupted his companion and began to whistle, loud, long and vociferously.

"Why, what is the matter?" asked Mr. Tremble.

"I always obey the rules of the company, and we just passed a post telling us to 'whistle,' and as you did not I thought I must," replied the happy colonel.

A PRESIDENT'S JUNKETING TRIP

EVERY patriotic citizen, regardless of politics likes to meet the President of his country, and, perchance, to shake him by the hand, and the visit of that dignitary, under whatsoever pretext it might be taken, is hailed with delight by all true Americans.

In 1911, President Taft decided to make a tour of the United States, his itinerary embracing the whole country.

Enterprising newspapers sent their representatives with the party, and the telegraph companies were equally assiduous in their attentions to the Executive, and Mr. H. F. Taff, manager of the W. U. office at Washington, was selected to represent that company and take care of the commercial end of the

trip. The selection of Mr. Taff was not made on account of the great similarity of his name with that of the President; no, that was not the reason, but let us say it softly, it was due to the fact that a more capable man was not available.

It was part of Mr. Taff's duties to see that the millions of readers of the American newspapers, had a column or so, of presidential gossip for dessert, so to speak, at their morning meal.

Willing hands and intelligent minds co-operated with the party and not a hitch or miss was experienced during the entire long trip.

Mr. Lewis McKissick took up the party when it reached the Central Division, accompanying it as far west as Billings where they were turned over to George Hood, district traffic superintendent of the Pacific coast division.

"Mr. McKissick is a 'fan' when it comes to railroading," said Mr. Taff, "and it would seem as if he were acquainted with the officials and rank and file of every railroad west of Chicago. He also could tell without reference to a time card, the hour of the arrival and departure of all trains, the distance between cities, and, in truth, all matters necessary to know in conducting the party through the labyrinth of railroads.

When we arrived at Seattle,, that progressive city jobbed pokey Tacoma by stealing the President from them for a day.

It was in the month of October and rather late in the season for a visit to Mount Rainier, but President Taft was willing, and an expedition was planned and carried out.

It was late when they reached the snow line of Mt. Rainier where they expected to find telephone connection, but the office was discovered to be closed for the season and the next nearest office was several miles further down the mountain.

There were no conveyances going back for several hours; it was too far to walk, and it looked as if the country were to be deprived the following morning of their usual news concerning the President.

"Let's get a move on," remarked Mr. Hood, "I think that I can see an object coming down the trail on the mountain."

He was right and the object proved to be an automobile, loaded down to its full capacity.

A few words with the driver and he was willing to take Mr. Hood to the next station provided he agreed to sit down

on the floor of the vehicle to balance it and keep it from getting top heavy.

The station was reached, Seattle called up, who switched New York on and Mr. Hood started sending his "dope" for the eastern journals. Mr. Hood is conversant with the Phillips code, the common code, the darkey's code, in fact, knows them all by heart, and by the time the party had reached the isolated station on their return, everything had been sent to New York, thus making quite an achievement for the Seattle traffic superintendent.

UNBROKEN RULES

EVERYBODY, like W. W. Umsted and Harvey D. Reynolds, for instance, who worked in Buffalo and Cleveland in the '70s, will remember a tall, slender, handsome young operator working there at that time, named Nelson C. Griswold.

"Gris," as he was familiarly called by his colleagues, was the star operator of those offices of many stars, and he was held in much esteem by all of his associates.

The saying is, "Whiskey, ye are the devil, drunk, or sober," and at this time young Griswold loved the taste of red liquor.

A German, named Schmidt, kept a saloon adjacent to the telegraph office, at Buffalo, which was much patronized by the boys.

Schmidt kept a slate and the operators would run a monthly account, Griswold among the rest.

Payday had arrived and departed and Griswold had not shown up to pay his score at the Schmidt business house, but later in the month, he sauntered in to get a nip.

The German upbraided "Gris" for his neglect to come around and liquidate, and the imperturbable operator took it all in.

Reaching down into the fastnesses of his pocket, Griswold pulled up a long paper looking like a legal document, and said:

"Look here, Schmidt, I want to show you something. Here is a list of the money that I owe and this is the order in which I propose paying them."

The paper contained about 50 names, including the tailor, boarding house, etc.

Columbus

OHIO.

A. B. Rawson.
Eva M. Bailey
R. H. Leary
W. T. Lloyd
E. H. Ayres.
George Guillerat.
W. Little
J. W. Anderson
Donald Avery
D. A. Ryan
Wm. Dunn
W. L. Lurvey.
M. U. Davis
Louis W. Draudt
A. F. Barnett
Helen L. Miller
Wm. Farahay
W. M. Wilson
Maud A. Hanger
Jo. M. Niemyla
Anabel M. Chick
Frank Reardon
E. W. Schultzeis
Carl Chesbrough
V. Schieser
Henry Kohn
M. M. Keretetter
E. P. Schneider.
H. E. Terrill
L. W. Cowles.
Max Solomon
Frederick Johnson
Geo. W. Robertson
James M. Johnson
Samuel Bennett.

"You will note that you are fourth on my list, and in the natural course of events, you would get your money in about ten days, but, I make it a rule if anyone duns me, I will erase their name and put them down at the bottom, and there they will have to await their turn, and now I will proceed to do this, and you will probably get your money in three months."

Pleadings and protestations by the Teuton did not shake Griswold, who assured the saloon man that his rules were not elastic and they must be lived up to.

This episode occurred a great many years ago, but it is told and retold by the old-timers whenever Griswold's name is mentioned.

Mr. Griswold is now a bright and shining light in a large western city, and it is probable that he will crack a smile when he reads of the foibles of his youth.

INADEQUATE CUSPIDORS

THE Chicago office of the Western Union Telegraph Company (in 1877) had been noted for the manliness of its employes, who realized that they were men and women, and for this reason entitled to the consideration of the local, as well as the general officials.

It became necessary, some times, to have this fact impressed on the minds of those immediately in charge, who relegated to themselves authority not vested in them.

It was considered the wise thing to hire a hall, and there to meet once a week to discuss the situation, and to determine upon the most business-like manner of procedure to meet the exigencies of any case in hand.

Platt's hall, on the South Side, was selected for this purpose, and every Sunday a meeting was held to discuss the complaints and grievances of the employes assembled.

Wm. J. Lloyd was the presiding officer on these occasions, and he was a glorious worker in the cause.

Much good resulted from this "getting together" and it was found to be a simple matter to adjust the grievances, once they were uncovered and aired.

There was present at one of these meetings B. E. Sunny, who was night manager for the Atlantic & Pacific Telegraph

Company. This company never had any trouble with its employes, and if one were disposed to do half-way right, he would not be censured or reprimanded by his superiors, and the office was very pleasant to work in.

"I notice we have Mr. Sunny, of the A. & P., with us today," remarked President Lloyd. "We would like to hear from him and if he has any grievance against his company, would like to have him state the nature of it, and we promise to try and adjust the difficulty."

Mr. Sunny protested that he came to attend the meeting merely as an on-looker, and knew of nothing that he could enter a complaint against.

The president demurred at this statement, saying he could not conceive of such an earthly paradise as a telegraph office where all were satisfied and where there were no grievances.

"Well, come to think of it, there is a grievance we have that should be remedied," said Sunny. "I have spoken to the manager and superintendent, but with no avail; and the evil still continues. The cuspidors in use at our office are not much larger than a tea cup and wholly inadequate to take care of the expectorations of our liberal users of the weed, and I have asked for larger utensils to accommodate these copious expectorations, but no relief has yet come, and I think it will require executive action to force the issue."

"The matter is referred to the Grievance Committee with the request that it be adjusted at once," said President Lloyd, and the meeting was adjourned.

It is related that more adequate cuspidors graced the Atlantic & Pacific operating room a few days later, indicating the efficiency of determined organization.

BUNKER HILL

YOUNG SAM is the lively and efficient receiving clerk at the Postal office in Oakland, and he never lets anything get away.

The Postal has a customer in Oakland who is a Britisher, born within sound of the Bow bells.

This Englishman does much cabling between Oakland and London, everything being transmitted and received in code,

and as his residence is some distance from the telegraph office the cable messages are telephoned.

"It was a hard task to teach the English customer how to take these cipher messages over the phone," said Sam. "I could not get him to understand when I got a very difficult word and wanted to emphasize each letter, such as 'e' for egg, and 'c' for California, etc. But finally he seemed to catch on, and really enjoyed it. However, he had not much of an idea how to use the same process himself. For instance, he would say, 'd,' what does 'd' stand for? Oh, yes, 'd' for Devonshire.

"One day the Britisher called up to send a cipher cable message, and striking some hard words proceeded to illustrate them. He said, 'f,' let's see, what stands for 'f?' Yes, Francis; 'b,' what is 'b?' Aw, yes, 'b' for bloody Bunker Hill. Is that how you pronounce the blooming old hill?"

Evidently the name brought harrowing memories to the mind of our English cousin.

HIS PRAYER

An old railroad man was converted, as the story goes, and was asked to lead in prayer. Here is the way he worked it:

"Oh, Lord, now that I have flagged Thee, lift my feet off the rough road of life and plant them safely on the deck of the train of salvation. Let me use the safety lamp known as prudence, make all couplings in the train with the strong link of Thy love. And, Heavenly Father, keep all switches closed that lead off to sidings, especially those with a blind end. Oh, Lord, if it be Thy pleasure, have every semaphore blocked along the line; show the white line of hope that I may make the run of life without stopping.

"And Lord, give us the ten commandments as a schedule time, and when my train shall have pulled into the great dark station of Death, may Thou, the Superintendent of the Universe, say with a smile: 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant; come up and sign the pay-roll and receive your check for eternal happiness'."

ETHELINDA

BY WALTER P. PHILLIPS

ETHELINDA'S mother called on our manager one day to apply for a situation for her daughter. She explained that she came from Foxboro, was a widow, and had visited Providence to dispose of some butter and cheese. She said "Lindy" had been practicing in the Insulated Company's office, and



"For She Was a Raging Beauty"

added that "Mr. Van Shoot says she doose furst rate." Something in the old lady's homely, though sincere, manner enlisted our manager's interest, and knowing that vacancies on the Insulated Line, recently established by Mr. Van Shoot, were few, owing to the limited number of offices, he told her mother that he thought perhaps Ethelinda would do to succeed the retiring operator at Howgate.

"That will be clever," returned her mother. "I ain't never had no chance to go nowhere myself, and I want 'Lindy' for to git some polish onto her by going away from hum a spell." So it was decided that Ethelinda should come down next day, and if she passed a satisfactory examination, go up to Howgate at

once. She dawned on us bright and early. I say dawned on us advisedly, for she was a raging beauty. There were five of us in the telegraph office, all young and single, and we were madly in love with her on sight. While her speech ran less luxuriantly to negatives than her mother's, it was faulty, and it was disturbing, to say the least, to hear her ejaculate: "You don't say so," or "Dew tell," when we explained the *modus operandi* of transacting business in a large office.

I am afraid as I grow older and more conscientious, that Ethelinda was not an expert operator; but we made a report to the manager which secured her the Howgate office. He was not a Morse operator himself, and trusted us implicitly. I suppose that if by any chance she could have been retained at Providence, we should have agreed on a favorable verdict, whatever qualifications might have been requisite. To be sure, she made an "f" for a "w" and she was so prodigal with her dots that if the surplus ones had been counted and checked against her—as I am told is now the practice on certain nameless lines—her salary would not have paid the tolls. But in our eyes those were but trifles in those glad years, and looking down into the pure depths of her violet eyes, I thought she was an angel, and I almost came to think that "gku" was an improvement on "tnku," as she said it to Fred Ford, who had just told her from the switch that she sent like a man. He blushed a little as she naively inquired how long he had read by hound. I am not sure but she said by pound; but I abated my admiration not one iota.

Ethelinda's debut at Howgate was not marked by unusual brilliancy; but the distance from our city was short, and one of us was pretty sure to be with her during the better part of the day. Occasionally, to my regret, two of us were in attendance to do her work, and that was a state of things much to be deplored. Mornings and evenings, however, owing to the peculiarities of the railroad time table, she was alone, and as she tumbled out our call and signed, the effect was demoralizing. The signal for Howgate was "Hw," and Ethelinda favored extremely long dashes. The "H" generally came staggering in with moderate safety, but her manner of adding the "w" gave her call a weird, sad sound, suggestive of a clime where the thermometer would be inadequate. Sometimes, in a fit of generosity with her dots, she rendered it "pell." But our periods of depression were only transient; for on seeing her we straight-

way forgot her infirmities of skill, and sat and feasted our eyes on her surpassing beauty. Through one entire summer we vibrated between adoration of Ethelinda and disenchantment, because of her peculiarities, telegraphic and otherwise.

Fred Ford, who was the oldest of us all, ceased his attentions one September day for personal reasons. He plumed himself on his accurate and finished sending. Visiting Ethelinda in the afternoon, he found a message undelivered which he had sent in the morning. "This message was addressed to Miss H. A. Sherman, not as you have it—to Miss Hasherman," said Fred.

"That was the way you sent it," said Ethelinda, demurely.

"Oh! I dare say," returned Fred, sarcastically. "Have you notified New York yet that you failed to find Miss Hasherman?" he inquired. "That would have disclosed the error."

"No, indeed," she replied carelessly; "the message is paid; I didn't fret myself about it."

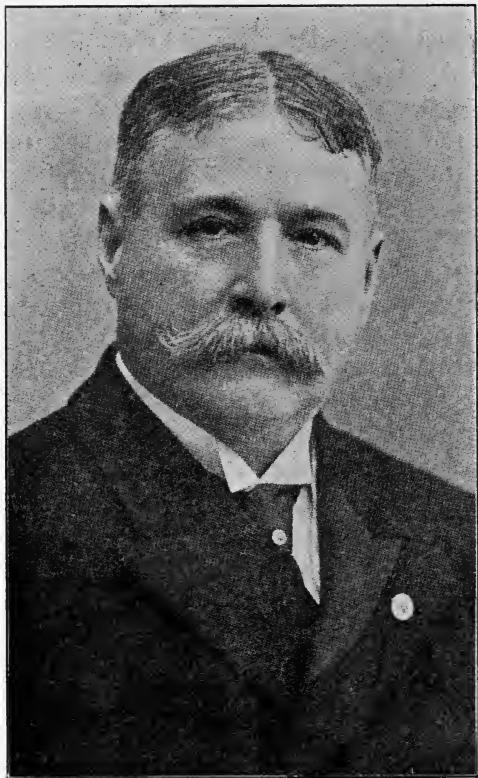
Fred was not entertaining in the interval to train time and Ethelinda, I fear, pouted a little. Fred regretted his quick temper afterward, I think. Ethelinda had probably been told on good authority that money was the objective point in the telegraph business, and the message being prepaid, she regarded it a small matter whether or not it was delivered. Fred used to say, sometimes, that he was going to make it up with her, but when the war broke out he went away suddenly, requesting me to tell Ethelinda he sent her his love.

Ned Jones retired as an admirer along in October, after attempting thirty-seven times, one day, to get the signature "A. H. Okie" to a station on Ethelinda's wire. She was anxious to obtain circuit, and to her, in common with a great many of her sex, "O. K." was the signal to claim it.

Poor Neddy! I think he loved Ethelinda; but he was more fastidious than the rest of us, and he "died of a color in aesthetic pain," figuratively speaking, and relinquished her. Ethelinda's orthography was defective, a point on which Billy Jackson was "more nice than wise," as she afterward expressed it. In a note to him she spoke of "fenses," the "new-mown gras," and invited him to "com down on Sundy and go gathering furns." Dear particular Jack! He couldn't stand it; and that Sabbath and many others have glided by without his giving his attention to the ferns at Howgate.

"It is no use, my boys," he said, gloomily; "she is a beauty

and a darling, and I can endure her telegraphing and all that, but when she attempts to foist her phonetic system of spelling on me, I won't have it. I am not a believer in phonetics, and Ethelinda is not for me. Woo her yourself and win her. She may



WALTER P. PHILLIPS

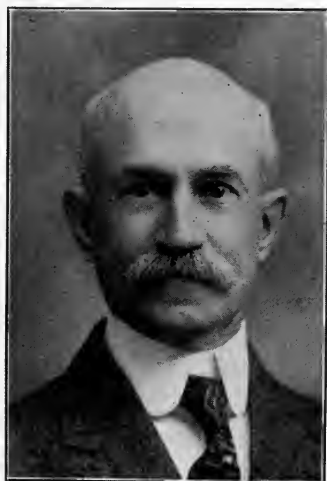
call you her 'dier'; but you are a philosopher, and don't strain at gnats, as you are fond of telling us."

Jack was a sad dog, and he went off laughing at me.

Thus out of the five only George Hunter and I remained staunch to the divinity at Howgate. We were sworn friends, and had been for years, but we quarreled about Ethelinda at last. It was on a dull December day that we proceeded into the suburbs to fight it out. We compromised on talking it over, and when we parted we had promised not to visit or write to Ethelinda for six months. At the end of that time we were to

compare notes and determine upon our future action. Idly done. Before five months had passed Hunter had become engaged to his present wife, and I was assiduously besieging the heart of a lady operator, and she worked not at Howgate.

All of the old force deserted Providence within a year or two, and Ethelinda was left behind us. But she long since left



M. M. DAVIS

Howgate, and her successor was unable to tell me, as were also her old neighbors at Foxboro, when I inquired whither she had gone. There are four sober-going married men, however, who must remember Ethelinda as a vision of loveliness, and in whose foolish old hearts there are sometimes longings to view once more her lovely girlish face. Fred Ford is one of those of whom Mr. Aldrich says:

"The long years come, but they
Come not again."

He was killed at Antietam, and sleeps beneath the unremembering grass now waving where erstwhile the battle roared. We hoped once that he would return and marry Ethelinda; but that is past, and we can only invoke her image. We do that often, and her bright, piquant face illuminates and makes beautiful the rich and splendid past, until we become four very proud partners in a memory as sweet and witching as an evening breeze on which comes wafted the odor of mignonette.

SECTION III

STORIES OF THE MIDDLE WEST

BY JEFF W. HAYES

A NIGHT OF TERROR

“JAMESTOWN, DAKOTA,” said Mr. Hugh McPhee, reminiscently, “was a genuine frontier town back there in the 80’s, and it was full of all that kind of snap and ginger, not to say deviltry, which usually beset a place where law and order is of secondary consideration.

Times had been hard in the Dakotas, the railroad had fallen into the hands of the receiver, crops had failed and money there was none.

An insane asylum at “Jimtown” was filled to overflowing by several hundred Scandinavians, driven “bug house” by the loss of their money and no bright prospects to reassure them of future improvement.

Many escapes were made from the asylum and encounters with a crazy man were not uncommon.

“Jimtown” was a Mecca for the gamblers, and it was known for a thousand miles around as “Craptown,” a name given it by the actors on the serio-comic stage, who evidently had their own experiences.

One night a burly Swede, easily six feet four inches, entered a down town saloon and immediately began to interest himself in a game of craps then going on.

The big Swede was unlucky, and when it came his time to pay up he said he had no money.

This was too much for the dealer of the game, who, with the assistance of his bouncers, jumped on the delinquent, who showed fight.

A half hour later the Swede, all covered with blood, with his clothes torn from his back, boarded the Eastbound train.

Not having any money to pay his fare he was carried to Sanborn, the next station, as it was deemed a pity to turn him loose in the desert between stations.

The night operator was keeping his lonely vigil at Sanborn, when in rushed a man of gigantic proportions, bloody and bruised and half naked.

Quickly and peremptorily he addressed the operator :

"I am the president of this road and I want you to order out my private car and a special train quick; be lively now or I'll jump out of the window with you."

One frightened glance at the imaginary president and the startled operator jumped out of the window, carrying sash and glass with him and leaving the office in the possession of the terrible Swede.

The unwelcome visitor was soon after overpowered and returned to the insane asylum.

THE OLD OGDEN OFFICE

IN 1879 the repeaters were moved from Salt Lake City to Ogden and A. J. Pattison was sent out from New York to manage the office.

The change was made one Sunday morning and it was with some misgivings that the hegira to Ogden began.

The boys who boarded the train from Salt Lake that frosty morning were Aleck Morison, E. J. Fullum, Cass H. White, M. J. Burke, E. Burke Spencer, Walter E. Huey, Willis J. Cook, Jeff W. Hayes, O. H. Grey, Geo. MacMahon, Samuel J. Kelley, Michael Conway, Thos. F. Kehoe, Charlie Moore, while Jack Morison and Courcey Burke were left to run the Salt Lake office, then managed by John Henderson.

The influx of operators into the little city of Ogden was hailed with much delight by the townspeople; hotels, boarding house keepers and cafes keeping open house on the occasion. A lengthy editorial in the Gentile organ of the day devoted an entire column calling the attention of the world to the rapidly increasing population of Ogden City, Utah.

Mr. Pattison was not an agreeable man to work with and much disaffection ensued. Many new faces came from all parts of the country and Ogden, as a telegraph center, was speedily put on the map.

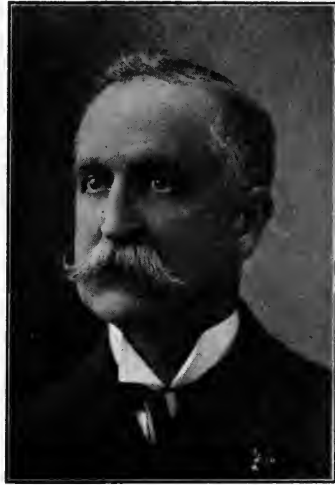
This office, in the few succeeding years, employed some of the best known talent of the country. I can name but a few.

Ed C. Keeler put in an appearance in 1880 and remained till July, 1883. O. D. Banks, June Bright and his brother Aylmer, Frank Buckley, "Nip" Jones, Thomas W. Booth, A. Z. Washburn, W. L. MacLellan, John F. Ledwidge, Frank P. Medina, B. S. Josselyn, Cliff E. Mayne, J. Frank Howell, Phil Kearney, J. W. Booth, Abe J. Booth, Mr. Bates now of New York office, John Fletcher, Levi S. Wild, Alex. Buckman, Geo. W. Gardanier, Billy Curtis, Bob Empey, W. R. Williams, and many others.

Aaron B. Hilliker was working for the Central Pacific railroad and was always a welcome guest at the social gatherings.



C. E. MAYNE



V. D. GREEN

Frank D. Giles was manager for the Union Pacific office at Ogden about this time, and he will probably assert that the time he spent there was the happiest of his life.

There was a character, named Pratt, a wonderful operator in his day and a most eccentric person. He will be well remembered by all who "tarried but a while" in Utah's second city. "Pratty," as we called him, was a regular "Col. Mulberry Sellers," and there are as many stories related of him as there are told of the irrepressible "Bogy."

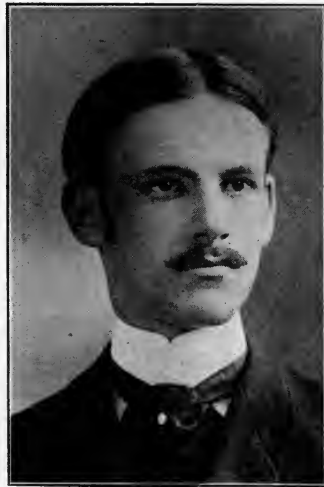
There was a young lady who ran the postoffice there, at whose shrine all the boys paid homage, but none captured the prize. They will all remember the pretty face and sweet voice of Cora Stephens, who later married Charlie Brough, mayor of

Ogden, now deceased. Mrs. Brough is fair, stout and over 31, and lives in Los Angeles at present.

But I started in to relate an anecdote anent the Ogden office and got switched off by indulging in reminiscences.

All the operators will remember the location of the "SF" wire when the office was on the second story of the First National Bank building.

Here is where the heavy work was done and, as if to emphasize their labors, the chair on which sat the sending operator.



W. W. BLACKMAN

was made to wear a hole into the soft pine flooring. Once this hole got started it was pushed along, vigorously, until it had worked its way clear through.

Everything around a telegraph office has its usage, and this little aperture was soon put into business.

Manager Pattison detested tobacco and made an unceasing crusade on that commodity and its usage in the Ogden office.

"No chewing tobacco allowed" was posted conspicuously on the bulletin board, and the manager had his eagle eye open for breakers of this rule.

Of course there was more or less chewing going on just the same, only more care was taken in providing a receptacle for the tobacco juice.

Consider then what a God-send that hole in the floor was to the tobacco chewer, and what premium there appeared to be on the "SF" wire. Everybody wanted to work that wire.

Time went on, the hole in the floor grew larger, but no attention was paid to it by Manager Pattison.

Some weeks had now elapsed and the officials of the First National Bank, who occupied the room directly under the operating room, noticed a strange discoloration of the beautifully frescoed ceiling ornamenting the bank. As the days went by this mark became more and more pronounced, until it assumed the color of a beautifully shaded meerschaum pipe.

Something had to be done and a thorough investigation ensued which disclosed the hole near the San Francisco table, and it became immediately apparent that the innocent hole had been long used to accommodate the expectorations of the tobacco chewers.

Mr. Pattison was wild with chagrin at being outdone and having his pet bulletin disobeyed.

All the boys were brought on to the carpet, but one and all disclaimed that they chewed, many asseverating that the sight and taste of the weed was objectionable to them; one man protested that the very name of "tobacco" made him sick.

The bank repaired their ceiling and the hole was solidly covered over, but it is a question if the tobacco habit was eliminated from the Ogden office.

Upon a recent visit to that city a new condition of affairs was manifest. The old crowd has gone, every last one of them, and it would be difficult to follow them up to their present whereabouts. Jack Ledwidge is court stenographer in Tacoma; Burke Spencer is with the W. U. in San Francisco and as good a fellow as he ever was; A. Z. Washburn is with the newspapers in Seattle; W. L. MacLellan was a banker and broker on Wall street, New York, as well as is J. Frank Howell; George McMahon is living at Long Beach, taking life easy; Aleck and Jack Morrison are both in New York, as is Abe Booth; Frank D. Giles is in the executive office for the W. U. in New York; Charlie Moore is retired at Omaha; O. H. Grey and E. J. Fullum are both in New York; June Bright is in Portland, Ore.

Many of this once happy throng have crossed the river Styx, but their memories are very dear to us.

SULPHUROUS TIMES

THE broiling sun beat down on an unsheltered shack, the depot at Carter, Wyoming. A strange, sulphurous gas seemed to ooze up from the ground, at times, unbearable.

Fourteen Chinamen, in charge of a sturdy Irishman, Tom Steel by name, were working on the track two miles up the road.

In the dirty hovel of the depot sat a youth, still in his teens, possessing a face of extraordinary intelligence.

By the young man's side stood an animal, a nondescript; partly coyote, partly Indian dog.

The animal seemed very much perturbed, and would give vent to a mournful yelp every few minutes.

He would go out on the track, sniff the phosphorescent atmosphere for a minute, then quickly return, try to hide his head in his master's coat, always giving forth quick, sharp barks, followed by the mournful cries so peculiar to the race from which he sprang.

"This is no place for me," ejaculated "Biff" Cook, as he patted his companion's head. "I'm sorry I didn't stay in Julesburg, but that wouldn't be seeing the country. I wonder what's the matter with 'Jim' and what this smell of sulphur means. Evidently 'Jim' don't like it," as the dog looked up into his master's face.

"Biff" Cook had started out to see the country and had found a world of experience in a few short months, but he was undaunted. He had been appointed night operator at Carter, but there was no day operator, and Cook was the sole occupant of the little building, complimentarily called the "depot." He had bought the dog from an Indian boy for 10 cents and the strange beast became his inseparable companion.

The lurid sun had sunk down the western horizon and Tom Steel came down the track on his handcar loaded down with Chinamen, all chattering like monkeys.

"Oi think we'll have an earthquake before morning, or Oi'll ate me hat," said Steel as he entered the door of the depot. "Yees can always tell it; even that little baste there knows it," pointing to the dog, who was uneasily patrolling the platform.

The Chinamen cooked their frugal supper of boiled rice and tea, while Cook and Steel prepared a more sumptuous meal of bacon and eggs. Pipes were produced after supper and much

story telling was indulged in by the two white inhabitants of this lonely spot, the Orientals enjoying the same pastime right across the track.

Night fell, but a strange phosphorescent light was abroad upon the land. The sulphurous smell increased in volume and the yelping of the dog became still more pitiful.

"Oi think Oi'll kape yees company," remarked Steel as he stretched himself on a blanket on the floor, presently becoming oblivious to the impending phenomena.

"Biff" curled up on the table, alongside his instruments, joining his snores to those of the more vigorous section boss.

Presently everybody was asleep excepting "Jim" the dog, who never let up on his cries for a minute.

It may have been midnight, or a little after, when all were aroused by a rumbling sound in the earth, followed quickly by two sharp reports and a noise like the crackling and breaking up of many mountains. The little shack of a depot was tossed like a ship at sea and the fumes of sulphur were nigh overpowering.

The Chinamen, half dressed and in abject fright, came rushing across the track to the depot, and all were expectant.

"It can't last this way much longer or we'll be getting to the bottom," exclaimed Steel, while dog and "Chinks" yelled in chorus.

The shake-up lasted three minutes and then everything quieted down.

"Ca, ca, ca, br," came over the government wire.

"That's Lieutenant Patterson over there at Fort Bridger," said Cook, as he answered the call.

"Yes, they were badly shaken up over at the fort too, and the commanding officer wants to know how far down the line the shock was felt."

The balance of the night was spent in ascertaining what damage, if any, had been done and the extent of the movement.

California had felt the earthquake, but in a mild form and no damage had been done.

Tom Weller came in on a box car an hour later and was put off at Carter.

"Tom, I'm right glad to see you, and you can have my job here if we can fix it up with Mr. Dickey," was the welcome ex-

tended the newcomer by "Biff," "for, you see," he continued, "this is no place for me."

The transfer was speedily arranged next morning and Tom Weller became the night operator at Carter, Wyoming.

"Biff" Cook took the next train for the West, taking with him his faithful "Ki, yi," with a card attached to his collar which read: "San Francisco or bust."

"OLD FARMER" LAWTON

"Remember you, of course I do. You are the chap who sent W A P to me from Kansas City, away back in 1876."

"I was in Pueblo, and Denver used to hook me on to copy."

"I used to get 3 words out of 5 and that was all that came," and old Farmer Lawton shook his head meditatively.

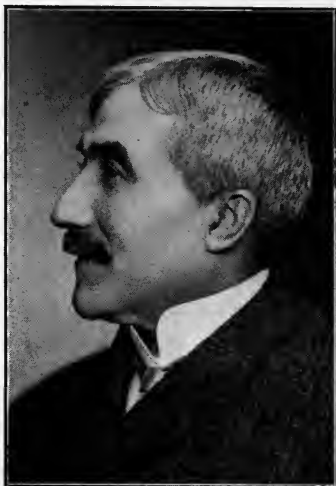
"3 words out of 5 isn't much. What did you do with it?" was the inquiry.

"Oh, I took it down to the newspaper office after we got '30,' and the editor and I went over it. We made up the story out of what we could get and we sent it along to the printers. Sometimes, we got our dates a little mixed. For instance, we got Sammy Tilden elected instead of Rutherford Hayes and as Pueblo was a good Democratic town, everybody turned out that night to celebrate the event, but it seems that the next night, you slowed up in your sending, or the wire was working better, and the following morning we had to apologize for our mistake, as we handed the presidency over to Hayes."

"Oh, those were happy days," and the Farmer looked dreamily into the past.

VALUABLE RELIC

We are under obligations to C. F. Annett, of Jerome, Idaho, for the following autograph letter, written by the late Col. J. J.



C. F. ANNETT

Dickey, in 1874, which will be scanned with interest by his many friends in the West:

Union Pacific Railroad Company.

SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE,

MOUNTAIN DIVISION,

CHEYENNE, W. T. *Oct 18* 1874

*C. F. Annett Esq
Cheyenne -*

*This will authorize
you to vote my stock at
the meeting of stockholders
of the Cheyenne Branch & Summit 2nd Co
to be held this week*

J. J. Dickey

TOM WELLER'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT

BY E. W. COLLINS

TOM WELLER, poor old boy! I don't know what became of him. He was a "rounder" many years ago. The ties on the various railroads have often echoed to the sound of Tom's feet and the box cars could tell some interesting stories about him, could they speak. The night operators at the various stations along these same railroads have been entertained time and again through his nocturnal visits. He seemed to live in the dark moon of midnight when ghosts are said to hold full sway. From the midnight gloom he would come unheralded, with no sounding of trumpets or music by the band proclaiming his arrival. His constant companion was a long and hungry looking carpet bag. His personal appearance, after one of his "little journeys," never would draw a prize at a church fair, but when the bad taste had been eliminated from his mouth and he had been "toggled out" by a contribution, there was a wonderful transformation and his wit and humor made his presence welcome anywhere. He was well informed, a brilliant conversationalist, a fine singer, and his fund of quaint humor was inexhaustible. Among the younger members of the profession in those days it was an acknowledgment of a neglected education for one to say that he had not, at some period of his development, received a visit from and witnessed some of the wonderful brass pounding accomplishments of old Tom Weller.

The last time I saw the old man was in '72, while I was doing night duty on the Union Pacific in Wyoming. A freight train had passed west at about 11:45 p. m. on a cold night in December. I reported the train on time, sat down and with eyes covered with the brim of my hat, dropped into a doze. The hand-made desk or shelf on which the solitary instrument ticked out its varied story, reached from one side of the room to the other, a distance of some twelve feet. I had been dozing for perhaps fifteen minutes, when I was awakened by what seemed to me the sweetest music that ever flowed from mortal lips. In front of the instrument sat old Tom Weller, with his chair tipped forward his head resting on the desk, while his sad, sweet voice filled the old depot with its melody. Imagine, if you can, a

"rounder" in the stillness of a winter night, in a little depot away out on the prairie, singing this hymn:

"I will sing you a song of that beautiful land,
The far away home of the soul;
Where no storm ever beats on the glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll.

"O, that home of the soul in my visions and dreams,
Its bright jasper walls I can see,
And I fancy but dimly the veil intervenes
Between that fair city and me."

In the lonely depot at that midnight hour the words and music filled my heart and I realized then that old Tom's life had not always been that of a "rounder." The religious sentiment born of home and a mother's love and training, would bud and blossom and throw its perfume around old Tom's heart in spite of him. He was apparently unconscious of my presence, and when the last notes of the beautiful hymn had gone upward, the sweet voice started: "When You and I Were Young, Maggie." After this song had been sung he raised his head and I could see that his eyes were moist. On the wings of music he had been carried back to happier days, filled with love and hope and joy. With a hearty, "Hello, old stocking," he explained his presence by saying that he just dropped off the 11:45 train to say "Hello." I thanked him for the compliment and the entertainment and pressed him for a story of his career. He recited the story of his past life, which, though highly interesting, is too long for this sketch. With eager eloquence he took me back to his mother's bedside; he led me gently to her last resting place; he told me the story of a "nearer one yet, and a dearer one still than all others"; he pictured the old tree by the rippling brook, where he had carved her name, which had since grown into the heart of the tree, just as it had into his. He told how another hand had carved her name later on, this time on marble, bearing the words of B. F. Taylor:

"And the echo of her little life
Shall linger like a rhyme."

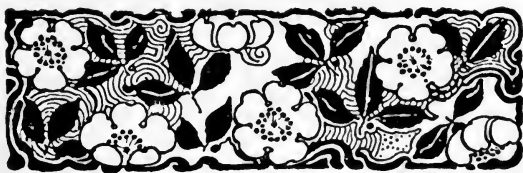
It was a wonderful story—sadly sweet because so doubly true.

Soon the 2:30 a. m. freight steamed up to the depot. I went out with the flag and lantern and on my return I discovered that

Tom had disappeared as mysteriously as he had come, but his companion of many years—the carpet bag—remained and I entertained the thought that Tom would soon return to finish his story, but I waited in vain. I took care of the carpet bag for two years and on Christmas eve, 1874, I received a letter dated “Los Angeles, California, December 10th, 1874,” which read: “Say, pard, I left my trunk on your clicker desk in 1872; it contains all I have in the world. Kick the roof off, send me the testament and keep the wearing apparel, jewelry, etc., as a Christmas present from me. Yours perpendicularly, Tom Weller. P. S.—If you can’t get the roof off, send me the key-hole by return mail and I’ll have a key made to fit it. T. W.”

According to directions, I took the “roof off” and found in the bag a testament, a thumb-worn testament, bearing evidence of its having been a Christmas present from his mother years before. The “wearing apparel, jewelry, etc.,” consisted of a pint flask of whiskey, labeled “Poison,” and a pair of soiled hose. I mailed the testament and accepted the Christmas present in the spirit in which it was tendered, though I had no use for either the “poison” or hose.

Poor old Tom! All phases of life have been explored by you. The path that would lead you to the still waters and render you susceptible to the influence of her whose name lies buried in the heart of the old tree as in yours, and the “Echo of whose little life shall linger like a rhyme,” certainly must be a pleasanter road than the one on which your feet have left their imprint for many years. Try it once again, Tom, and may you find on it a “Merry Christmas.”



Birmingham

Alabama.

H. M. London
R. A. Wetz
W. C. Mann
M. D. Davis
R. J. Figgess
E. J. Paley
L. M. Dilsch
B. F. Mapp
J. W. Davis
A. C. Bailey
J. M. Martin
C. H. Gessanway
H. H. Nelson
J. S. Jackson
W. O. Gellin
Wm. Wenger
J. W. Cable
J. W. M. Clymon
E. F. Sims
Mrs. M. L. Williams
E. E. Hingert
W. C. Mearns
J. D. Haylow
W. R. Gray
V. C. Blake
W. C. Lloyd
W. H. Jackson
W. C. Wickerson
J. O. Thomas
E. B. Whittesay
Jas. A. Price
H. F. Williams
E. J. Weaver
J. H. McCalla
H. B. Wilder
C. V. Alexander
G. E. Zellner
Donita Whitworth
G. A. Perry
J. H. Hays
J. H. Rogers
W. J. Higgins
J. L. Poole
A. M. Linger
F. H. Jeyton
R. S. Pope
Lotie Elliott

SECTION IV

TALES OF THE SIERRAS

BY JEFF W. HAYES

ALONG THE SHORE

ABOUT a dozen years ago, B. A. Worthington was appointed

ern Pacific Railroad, with headquarters at San Francisco.

superintendent for the Pacific Coast division of the South-
In falling heir to this position Mr. Worthington also acquired the private car of his predecessor, which had been named the "Texas." It was agreed, however, that the name of the car should be changed, as the former superintendent wanted to give that cognomen to his new car down south.

There was a very wealthy railroad man in the East, who used to pay a member of his family \$1,000 a year, in return for which this member would find appropriate appellations for each new Pullman car turned out at the shops.

Not feeling justified in invoking the aid of such an expensive person, the new superintendent decided to select a name, and as the State of California contains many poetical names to draw from, the time card of the Pacific division was consulted.

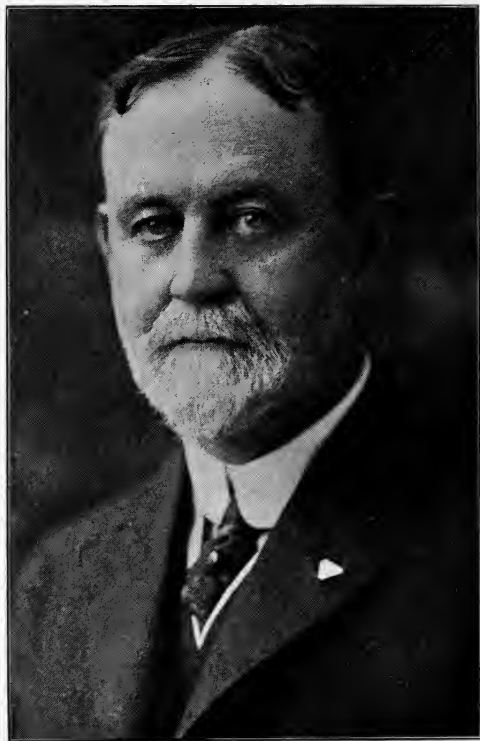
Such names as "Santa Maria," "Santa Margarita," etc., were canvassed and rejected, and the little city of "Orilla" seemed to proffer its name.

By reference to a Spanish dictionary, it was ascertained that the meaning of the word "Orilla" was defined, "Along the Shore," and as the name was poetical enough, and as his line of railroad ran along the shore of the Pacific Ocean, he determined to name the car "Orilla."

This was a flattering tribute to the town of Orilla, and on the first appearance of Mr. Worthington's car in that little city, the populace showed their appreciation by deluging the car with flowers.

The "Orilla" had been refitted throughout and was very beautiful, and all the employes of the road hailed its coming, for they liked to see it and the popular superintendent, but there are contrary spirits the world over.

One night the superintendent, with his private car, was coming North, attached to the San Francisco Flyer, and stopped for a minute at San Luis Obispo, where the car inspector came around with his hammer to test the wheels of each car. An-



B. A. WORTHINGTON

other functionary was also on duty to take the numbers and names of cars.

"Look yere, Chimmie, wot is dis?" and he began spelling out "O-R-I-L-L-A."

"Begorrah, that's a moighty funny name."

"Yes, dat's de old man's private snap" (Mr. Worthington was 35 years old at this time), "and he calls it 'Orilla'," was the other's rejoinder.

"'Orilla?' 'Orilla?' begorrah and it should have a 'g' in front of it and I'm going to put one there."

A can of black paint was produced and quite a decent letter

"G" was prefixed to the car's appellation, completely changing its euphony.

The two worthies laughed at their alleged witticism and the "Gorilla" went northward.

From his window in the middle of the car that evening, Mr. Worthington was a witness of the whole occurrence, but wisely kept silent. He realized if he made a demonstration, the employees would have a laugh on him and jokes travel fast with men employed on a railroad.

Arriving in San Francisco, Mr. Worthington had the car put up immediately in the shops and ordered the name erased and the less poetic name of "Surf" substituted. Of course, surf goes along the shore, so virtually the title was not changed.

The jokers at San Luis Obispo had no joke after all, and probably will never know, unless they read this story, how it happened that B. A. Worthington so quickly changed the name of his private car.

A GOVERNOR FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES TOOK THE BULL BY THE HORNS

IT was ten minutes past the midnight hour; the last train for the night had pulled out, and J. Frank Howell, the night operator at Tin Cup, Ariz., began preparations for a little rest.

It was in the month of August, and the full harvest moon beamed down through the clear atmosphere resplendent and as



J. FRANK HOWELL

bright almost as the midday sun. Glancing out towards the south trail Howell could see a horseman coming at full speed towards the lonely station. A few minutes later an active, fine looking man hurried in.

"I have a very important telegram to send to the Governor. I must get an answer in half an hour or an innocent man perishes. Come, do all you can and as quickly as you can."

The speaker was Lee Heninger, the sheriff of Dos Cabezas. He had ridden forty miles since nine o'clock over the sandy desert to Tin Cup hoping to obtain a reprieve for Bob Beecher, who was under sentence to die at daybreak for murder.

A few hours previous a dying Mexican had confessed to the murder for which Beecher was to suffer. Frank Howell spent five minutes in vain trying to raise "Px." He knew that the night operator there was taking press reports and could not hear him. Being, however, full of resources he called up the St. Louis office and sent the following message: "Chief operator, San Francisco. Have Phoenix answer on local quickly, a man's life is in jeopardy." Signed, "Howell, Tin Cup."

It was with great joy that he heard an answering tick, tick from "Px" a few minutes later, and the following telegram was put on the wire: "Governor Smithers, Phoenix: Information just elicited that proves that Beecher condemned to be executed at daybreak this morning is innocent. Please wire reprieve, not a minute can be lost." Signed, "Lee Heninger, sheriff."

The operator at "Px," E. A. Randall, realized the importance of the message and standing San Francisco off for a few minutes hastened to deliver the telegram.

Arriving at the Governor's house, instead of finding the mansion dark and everybody asleep he was surprised to observe a big crowd of ladies and gentlemen seated on the veranda, while strains of popular music from the ball room filled the air. Randall quickly asked for the Governor on important business and he noticed that there seemed to be some hesitancy in sending for him. Presently, a lady, the Governor's wife, came to the door.

"Won't your business do in the morning?" was asked. Randall replied in the negative and the lady withdrew, a gentleman appearing to represent her. "The Governor has retired," said this gentleman, "and cannot be disturbed until morning."

Randall inquired for the private secretary and also for the Secretary of the Territory and ascertained that both these functionaries were out of town.

"Can't you possibly awaken the Governor?" queried Randall.

"No. To tell you the truth about it, the Governor unfortunately drank a little too much wine and Warwick whiskey and he is dead to the world; a gatling gun would not arouse him, and he is absolutely off the face of the earth until nine o'clock in the morning," was the information given young Randall.

"Then this glorious territory is at present without a Governor, a private secretary or Secretary of the Territory," ejaculated Randall. As he wended his way back to the office, he had made up his mind what to do and proceeded to carry out his determination.

He called up Tin Cup and sent the following telegram: "To Lee Heninger, sheriff Dos Cabezas: The reprieve is granted to Robert Beecher for ten days. Regular papers go forward in the morning mail." Signed, "H. Y. Smithers, Governor, per E. A. Randall, acting Governor pro tem."

Ten o'clock the next morning E. A. Randall appeared at the capitol, telegram in hand, which he handed the Governor, who looked a wee bit groggy.

"Good Heavens!" said the Governor. "This telegram should have been delivered ten hours ago, why was it not?" and the Governor grew very much excited.

"For the reason, Governor, that you were 'under the weather' and couldn't be awakened, and there was nobody in the city to attend to your business," replied the placid Randall.

"Then the poor fellow is hanged by this time, and I am guilty of the execution of an innocent man," and the Governor broke down completely.

"That would have been true had it not been that I took the liberty of usurping your place for fifteen minutes," and Randall showed the telegram he sent in reply.

Governor Smithers was overjoyed with Randall's actions and thanked him again and again, and a few weeks later he further showed his appreciation by appointing E. A. Randall to a lucrative position in the Territory.

Sheriff Heninger arrived in Dos Cabezas in the nick of time. The rope was already around Beecher's neck when one of the deputies who was standing near, spyglass in hand, recognized his chief coming down the trail swinging aloft a paper which was proved to be the first and only official act of Ed A. Randall, acting Governor, pro tem.

A NARROW ESCAPE

IN the days of Jhu, Victoria, Geronimo and the rest of the atrocious and blood-thirsty family of Apaches, the little town of Willcox, Arizona, grew to some prominence, and was a kind of a center for war news.

Wm. J. Grier, Ed L. Pearson, Charles E. Riehle, being some of the number who ventured into that uninviting field.

It was certainly a frontier town, with all that the name implies.

Water had to be brought to Willcox for drinking purposes, and often cost more than the same quantity of beer would bring later on.

The imported water would be carefully scrutinized by the drinkers and if there was a greenish scum on top or on the edge of the vat, it would be pronounced all right, but if it should happen to be clear and without any appearance of scum, it would be passed up and nobody would touch it, fearing arsenic poisoning.

There was a government line running to Camp Thomas and Fort Grant, then the headquarters of General O. B. Willcox, but now abandoned to the frisky rattlesnakes, which grow and thrive in this hot climate.

General Willcox had in his command a number of renegade Apaches, who served in the capacity of scouts in the United States army.

They were a worthless lot, at best, and when they thought they had the upper hand of a white man, look out, for there was something doing.

In some respects these Apaches were as vain as the silliest girl, and, if there is one article of commerce that they delight to have more than another, it is red ink. They will do most anything for a bottle of red ink, and it is just wonderful how they will proceed to bedeck themselves with it, when they are the happy possessors of a bottle.

There was one Apache scout in this delectable bunch who was just a little bit tougher than the rest of his colleagues, and he was known as "Mickey Free."

This fellow was small, lithe, furtive of eye, with a most villainous countenance.

He used to hang around the window of the small telegraph office as Charlie Riehle was working, and it was noticed that he

always had his eyes riveted on the red ink bottle on the operating table.

In his own characteristic way, Mickey Free acquainted Riehle with the fact that he would like to become the proprietor of a bottle of the carmine stuff, and Riehle carelessly promised to have a bottle ready for him on the following day.

An order was sent to Charlie Donnelly, then working at Tucson, to ship a dozen bottles of red ink the next day, but there did not happen to be that quantity of the commodity in Arizona's metropolis and the order was forwarded to Los Angeles.

An Indian cannot forgive a promise broken; they do not seem to understand that there can be any good reason for breaking a pledge, and on the following day when Mickey Free was told that his red ink had not arrived, an ominous scowl covered his ugly face, and he hissed something between his teeth which bode no good for Riehle.

It was after 9 o'clock that night when Charlie Riehle retired to his tent, where he slept alone.

He was just dropping off to sleep when, by the bright light of the Arizona moon, the slight form of Mickey Free could be seen entering the tent, with a huge bowie knife in his hand.

Riehle realized that his time had come. There was no use pleading for mercy, for the strange gleam in the Indian's eyes almost spelled out the word "Revenge!"

In his desperation Riehle yelled out, but it was not the usual form of a yell that he gave forth; no, it was the grand hailing sign of distress of the order to which he belonged, and, Mickey Free being a Free Mason, too, dropped his hand to his side, and, muttering a few incoherent words, went away in the night, and was never seen again around Willcox.

Charlie Riehle recently related this story, which he said forever cured him of hob-nobbing with the aborigines.

KIDDING LOS ANGELES

IT is rather mean to visit a city, partake of its hospitality, and then go away and poke fun at it.

Every visitor to the city of Los Angeles becomes, involuntarily a willing booster, and some people run the idea into the ground; but to my story: A gentleman, dressed in a Prince Al-

bert coat, wearing a high silk hat, and carrying a book, resembling in size and appearance the Holy Bible or the Gospel Hymn book, entered his automobile one day in Los Angeles and heading for the mountains arrived at his destination, a little mining camp, some 30 miles away, an hour or two later.

Alighting from his car near a little hotel, he was immediately accosted by a sorrowful-looking man, who addressed him, "I'm glad you have come, Mister, and I'd like to have you do something for me."

"All right, sir, I'll do whatever I can for you," replied the stranger.

"Well, sir, my wife died last night and is to be buried today, and there is no one in the camp that I can get to say a few words of consolation to my friends; won't you come and do that?"

"Certainly, I'll be glad to do so," and taking him by the arm the distressed man conducted the stranger to a little cottage, hard by, on the porch of which were sitting a number of men and women, in mournful attire.

As the twain entered the parlor in which lay the body of the dead lady, the mourners followed in, some standing, some sitting, but all attentive.

The man from Los Angeles with the ministerial garb, gazed down into the coffin, and saw the remains of a once beautiful woman, then glancing at the mourners, began his oration.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he exclaimed, "we are gathered here today to pay our last respects to the dear departed. She was beautiful in life, she is beautiful in death. She had many good friends in this community who mourn her early demise. She had a kind and loving husband" (and here the husband began to bawl.) "I understand, ladies and gentlemen, that she died from that fell Destroyer, pneumonia. Now, this is all wrong and never should have happened. Yes, I say, it is very wrong, very wrong."

"Now," he continued, taking out his seeming Bible from his pocket, and consulting it, "Now if she had only come to Los Angeles, where I have 297 lots in the Santa Ana district, which I am selling for \$10 cash, and \$10 a month, in installments, with no interest on deferred payments, she would be a live and happy woman today."

"You have said enough," exclaimed the husband, as he seized the pseudo minister by the ear and led him from the room, from

whence the unmoved booster took his car and hiked back to the City of the Angels.

MAKING OPPORTUNITIES

IN the little town of Brocton, N. Y., on the old Lake Shore road, a good many years ago, dwelt an operator named Frank Conn.

The young operator came to California about 1883 and settled in the beautiful Sonoma county, where he speedily acquired one of the finest ranches in that part of the state.

Frank Conn was a bachelor, 27 years old, possessing a very romantic side to his nature.

One evening he hitched up his dapple-greys and drove into the city of Petaluma to do some trading.

He effected all his purchases and stopped to buy the last item, a cigar and some smoking tobacco.

One of the old-fashioned paper boxes, yellow in color and put up by Lorillard, was among the articles brought back.

Upon opening the tobacco package, on his return to his lonesome home, what was the astonishment of the young rancher to discover just inside of the paper, nicely folded with a card, what? Just a lock of yellow hair and a card bearing the name, Hazel Young, with her address, Newark, N. J.

Here was a lark, and it took but a short time for the romantic Conn to indite a letter to the owner of the beautiful tress of hair.

An impatient fortnight passed, when a letter came from the fair Hazel.

It was written in a neat hand, grammar good, sentiments excellent, leaving nothing to be desired.

Letters came and went, photographs were exchanged and six months later, Frank Conn packed a valise and purchased a ticket; destination, Newark, N. J.

Sixty days later Mr. and Mrs. Frank Conn returned to Sonoma county, California, where they are still living, surrounded by a numerous family.

History repeats itself in various phases, for instance:

Last summer, "The American Telegrapher" printed an article in its columns regarding a certain telegraph office in the

east, and favorably mentioning a young lady employe of that office.

The article attracted the attention of a young railroad superintendent in California, who, like Frank Conn, opened a correspondence with the young woman, and the daily papers of San Francisco are now chronicling the marriage of the said railroad superintendent and the eastern lady operator.

Frank Conn, in relating his story, says that when he married his bride at Newark, years ago, the daily journals got hold of the story, publishing the romance in all its details, smilingly adding: "Six months after I returned to California, there was not a girl in the tobacco house mentioned whose hair was not shingled like a man's, but it is doubtful if any of them had such a romantic sequel."

AN ARIZONA BANQUET

THE celestial brother from the Flowery Kingdom is a serious individual and does not understand a joke, but occasionally a Chinaman will bob up who possesses as keen an appreciation of humor as even a native of the Emerald Isle.

Enjoyment may be had in this life under seeming difficulties if one knows how to adapt himself to conditions.

It was during the Apache war in Arizona, in 1881, that Jim Burns was employed as engineer on the Southern Pacific Railroad, his run being between Tucson and Bowie, a very undesirable part of that territory at that time, besides being the hotbed of the Apache atrocities.

Jim Burns could have fun anywhere, and his greatest sport when he reached Bowie, the end of his run, was to go gunning for coyotes, which animals infested that part of the territory.

He would generally return with one, two or even three carcasses of the coyote family as a result of his prowess with his Winchester. These animals were readily purchased by Fat Choy, a Chinese laundryman, who paid four bits for each carcass, and the market was never glutted.

"You likee coyote steak?" queried Fat Choy of Burns one day.

"Just as lief eat a rat," was the reply.

Several times the good-humored Chinaman tried to induce

Jim Burns to partake of his coyote viands, but was invariably and peremptorily refused.

Jim Burns got off his engine one day at Bowie feeling a little sick.

"You likee some nice soup, some rice soup?" asked Fat Choy.

"Yes, I think some rice soup would do me good," replied Burns.

A big bowl, steaming hot, was set before the engineer, who speedily caused it to disappear, and, smacking his lips with apparent satisfaction, asked for more.

Another serving was given, which, too, was much enjoyed.

"I say, Jim Burns, why you lie to me all the time, Jim Burns? You lie to me all the time, Jim Burns, all the time," said Fat Choy.

Jim denied the soft impeachment and asked for an explanation.

The Chinaman reiterated his statement that, "Jim Burns, he lie to me all the time," finally explaining himself by saying, "Jim Burns, you tellee me allee time that you no likee coyote, you no likee coyote, you no likee coyote steak, no likee coyote fried. Why you eatee coyote soup?"

"Holy smoke!" yelled Burns, "and he did make me eat coyote after all!" and he reached for his rifle, but Fat Choy was too quick and disappeared and was seen in Bowie no more.

Many years have elapsed since this occurrence, and Jim Burns is still running on the road, but his colleagues relate the story just as if it happened but yesterday.

SUPAI

SUPAI! What a name! Surely, there was nothing to induce a happy twain to pass their honeymoon there, from choice.

Life in Chicago is shorn of landscape scenery, the most one can hope to obtain being a view across the street when one is down town, and, perhaps, a wider range of a block or two farther out in the city.

So, when Albert Tyler married his pretty bride, he deter-

mined to show her some of the world ere settling down to a prosy state for life.

Supai is on one of the transcontinental roads passing through Arizona. It looms up in the air nearly two miles above sea level, being the highest point on the entire system.

From this lofty peak, a view of the country for hundreds of miles in all directions can be obtained. Mountains, valleys, desert, with an ever-changing cloud effect, is presented to view, giving a panorama effect, which can be seen nowhere else.

The accoutrements of the depot, which included the telegraph office, ticket office, freight office, and the "home" of the Tyler family were of the most primitive order, consisting merely of an old box car, one end being devoted to the freight and ticket office, the other to the telegraph office, the living room and sleeping apartments of the Tylers being in the middle.

Adjacent to the depot, some hundred yards away, was a reservoir of large dimension and perennial in supply.

At this watering place came all the cattle and stock during the day and strange looking wild beasts at night to slake their thirst, both species always being careful to adopt a regular time schedule.

The Arizona cattle are the finest in the world, being sleeker, finer bred and probably better fed than are those of the adjoining states.

A stockman, named Aaron Hooper, who owned a big ranch up the valley some 20 miles, but plainly visible from the Supai depot, was the owner of some 5,000 head of the finest cattle in all Arizona. This great herd roamed at will over an immense range on the slope of Supai, being watched over by the ever vigilant cowboy.

Every day, two or three times, these cattle would come to the reservoir previously mentioned, there to partake copiously of the never-failing spring of mountain water. It was a beautiful sight to watch the antics of the cattle and to note the great importance assumed by one of the bulls, "Jerry" by name.

"Jerry" was an immense specimen of genus bovine, weighing probably a ton and a half. His coat was red and white striped and he surely looked big enough and handsome enough to be king of his tribe.

"Jerry" was a very intelligent beast, and one of his self-imposed duties was the welfare of his flock. He was ever in-

vestigating anything or place which might threaten to bring danger to his followers.

The little depot at Supai had been under his scrutiny for some time, but "Jerry" generally sought "the seclusion which the midnight granted" to pursue his investigations.

One night, Albert Tyler was awakened by his wife, who nervously told her spouse of visions she had of supposed robbers and mysterious noises outside.

Arising quickly, Albert tip-toed to the door, where he could plainly hear an animal breathing, long and deep, at the office door.

Noiselessly lifting the latch, which hung by a small string, he swiftly swung the door open, presenting himself in the bright moonlight to the intrepid but astonished "Jerry."

Tyler made a loud "B-o-o-o-o-," and swinging his arms, which were covered by a white night shirt, startled "Jerry," who quickly stepped back, causing him to tumble over and over again, down the side of the slope, never stopping till he reached the bottom, 500 feet below. Then with a roar, which showed how badly scared he was, the bull started for his home, where he probably had a wonderful story to tell to his constituents.

Convinced that robbers were not threatening the worldly possessions of the Tyler family, sleep again reigned and visions of Chicago, free from landscape and midnight bulls, crowded into the dreams of the young couple, who soon after bade a long adieu to mountain scenery, "Jerry" and the charming station of Supai.

YOU'D THINK HE WAS EASY

SAN FRANCISCO office, in 1881, was filled with a lot of unusually bright, happy spirits. They were all fine operators, loyal workers, but always ready to have a good time when the occasion offered itself.

All kinds of jokes would be perpetrated on a newcomer, and none were exempt, only the same joke was never allowed to be played more than once.

Dick Allen, well known and much beloved by the fraternity, came down from the frozen North about this time and accepted a position in the San Francisco office.

Chicago

1886

From Sons
 W. J. Dalton
 A. Gahn
 E. A. Sheekler
 J. F. Richard
 A. B. Church
 Bob Gray
 H. C. Bishop
 O. W. Brown
 H. C. Burton
 B. H. Stetson
 Wm. Foley
 S. H. Hone
 H. C. Burbank
 Carpenter
 Mrs. J. H. Beale
 Miss A. Nicholson
 F. Wellard

J. D. Clark
 M. M. Cress
 J. Moxam
 W. A. Stetson
 J. J. Gerblin

H. Sampson
 J. Cornwall
 G. Dickinson
 M. Frank
 M. Kelly
 M. Oliver
 F. Thomas
 A. Lumaer
 L. Lipe
 M. Simpson
 L. Gamisell
 F. Barter
 J. Petersen
 A. Loring
 Robert. C. Cuppage
 A. C. Thomas
 John Boughan
 P. A. Rowe
 E. W. Papelin

Dick was a fine operator and his copy was like copper plate, but even this would not exempt him from the hazing.

Five minutes after Dick had sat down to the Ogden wire and was wrestling "Cub," with Ed Keeler doing the pitching at the other end, a note was handed Dick, reading as follows:

"Dear Dick:

"I am busted. Can you loan me \$2 till payday?

"(Signed) Bogy."

Instantly Dick's hand dove into his trousers pocket and two iron dollars were handed the check boy to give to the mysterious "Bogy."

The joker communicated his success to his comrade, Sherry, who immediately sent a similar note to the victim, signing it this time "Red-Headed McCue," and pleading for a loan of \$1, which was again promptly responded to. Again did another joker, named Charlie Donnelly, obtain a loan of four bits in like manner and under similar representations.

There was evidently no end to Dick's resources and the word was flashed around the office that he was flush. A few minutes later the check boy deposited a hatful of appealing notes, asking for loans of various sums. One chap, with no mercy in his soul, petitioning for a loan of \$150 to enable him to buy his sick wife a piano.

When this avalanche of notes reached Dick Allen, he took time to break the sending operator and arise from his seat, only to meet the laughing faces of two dozen co-workers, and Dick then realized that the boys had been stringing him.

The jokers refunded the money to the "cheerful giver," and that night Dick Allen was unanimously elected a member of the Good Fellows' club.

THE SONGS MY MOTHER SANG

WORDS BY EDGAR W. COLLINS

MUSIC BY W. E. M. PETTEE

THOSE ling'ring strains, those sweet refrains,
 Those songs my mother sang to me,
 Their echoes still my pulses thrill,
 And fill my soul with ecstasy;
 While on the walls of mem'ry's halls
 My mother's picture seems to hang,
 And in my dreams a sweet voice seems
 To sing the songs my mother sang.

(Chorus)

"Sweet Afton" fine and "Auld Lang Syne,"
 "John Anderson, My Jo," she sang,
 And "Suawnee River," flows forever,
 Like all old songs my mother sang;
 "The Old Arm Chair," as sweet as prayer,
 And "Home, Sweet Home," her dear voice rang.
 While "Silver Moon" and "Bonnie Doon"
 Are in the group that mother sang.

Round mother's charms my childish arms
 Have often met in love's embrace,
 And roguish eyes look'd wondrous wise
 At wrinkles in her dear old face;
 And if, perchance, her loving glance
 Made question what her song should be,
 A heartfelt sigh made quick reply—
 "Please sing some good old song to me."

(Chorus)

But dreamless now her peaceful brow
 In mother earth is slumbering;
 While roses bloom above her tomb,
 And sealed are lips that used to sing;
 But when at last my life is past,
 And her sweet face again I see,
 'Twould be my choice to hear her voice
 Sing "Home, Sweet Home" again for me.

(Chorus)

VALENTINE VOX

BY E. W. COLLINS

VALENTINE VOX was not the name given to him at his baptism, but he was possessed of many of the characteristics of the hero of Henry Cockton's novel, whose powers enabled him to play many pranks of an unusual kind, and from Charlie Blank he became Val. Vox—at first to only a few of his intimate friends, but later to the fraternity at large. He belonged to that coterie of congenial but convivial spirits whose brass pounding proclivities are a part of the history of the old Western Union office in Cleveland, back in the '70's, and what a galaxy of good fellows and what wonderful telegraphers they were! Al Babb, O. A. Gurley, George Sinclair, George Thompson, Ed Stockwell, O. M. Sayre, John H. Simmons, the subject of this sketch, and many other bright lights, many of whom have responded to the call of the Chief Executive in the Great Beyond.

Most, if not all, of these men were night workers and off duty at 1:30 A. M. Oh, how tired some of them became between that time and daylight from bending elbows at Ed Kirkholder's thirst emporium! What stories they told, what songs they sang and what poetry was assassinated as they ushered the old day out and the new day in! I was one of the younger members of the night force in those days, and had not taken the degree entitling me to sit with those experienced knights of the key, but I had frequently been sent by the night chief to reassemble the force to cover an emergency arising after they had finished their stunts and had gathered about the festive board. In the performance of such duty I soon became familiar with the "haunts of men."

Ed Tindall, who later vanished entirely, no trace of him having since been found, was night chief and one night an emergency arose an hour or so after the men were off duty, requiring a larger force to cover. Tindall had donned his coat and hat and was himself about to depart for home, but he removed them and turned to me, saying: "Go over to Kirkholder's and see how many members of the night force you can find and tell them to report at the office for duty at once." They were all there, and in addition, four operators from the day force, all but one being in condition to work, and he—the most brilliant of the bunch—dead to the world, having stood too long with his foot on the rail.

Chicago

1886

C. A. Martin		J. C. Long
F. C. Sraim		T. T. Childs
Anna Schulz		L. W. Marston
O. C. Wells		H. R. Stark
W. Elviffitt	J. S. Kent	J. Harwood
J. B. Inman	F. W. Drummond	Geo. Fraser
J. N. Crittenton		Pooler
Randolph		Dorr
J. C. Frame		W. H. Davidson
J. N. Loan		C. A. Bradner
Geo. Ricketts		F. M. Crittenton
C. E. Satter		S. Bracken
C. H. Crowell		Pure Hankel
A. J. Fitzgerald		F. L. Jacobs
Robinson		L. A. Thomas
E. E. Brady		M. H. Curtis
Edw. D. Banga		J. J. Butler
		W. C. Richards

John J. H. Frost
 John D. Walker
 J. S. Kent
 F. W. Drummond
 J. S. Kent
 F. W. Drummond

Vox instructed me to say to Mr. Tindall that he and four others could not report for duty, as they were arranging for a funeral to take place in the early morning, but recruits enough were secured to take care of the emergency call at the office.

The next morning a local newspaper had an account of the funeral Vox had been making arrangements for, as follows:

"Oh, Death, where is thy sting?
Oh, Grave, where is thy victory?"

"In this morning's early hours, one carriage and a hearse stopped in front of Ed Kirkholder's establishment and a solemn little procession of friends followed a casket from the saloon to Riverside Cemetery. The 'dead' man was a day telegraph operator, one of the many who court the muse, sing songs and dally with Kirkholder's choicest brand of liquid inspiration. He was an overloaded member of a gang of operators whose appetite for liquids in intoxicating draughts had grown apace, until he became a menace to the peace of mind of his companions, and it became apparent to all that while his wit and humor were scintillating, his stories charming, his muse whimsical, his vocal selections superb, his appetite must be curbed or his company shunned by his friends, and since this was the time, the man and the jag, it fell to the lot of the versatile Vox to devise ways and means for checking the young man's downward course. He confided his plans to an undertaker friend, who provided a casket, laid out the 'corpse,' furnished the hearse, the carriage and the white gloves, and it was a solemn little party that wended its way to Riverside Cemetery.

Arriving at the city of the dead, the pallbearers with bared heads removed the casket from the hearse, but the white-gloved gentlemen 'accidentally' dropped the casket, which struck the ground with the proverbial 'dull and sickening thud.' The 'dead' one, thus ruthlessly jarred loose from his jag, raised himself to a sitting position, taking with him the lid of the casket, which had been intentionally left unfastened. One glance about at the surroundings, the hearse, the solemn countenances of his friends and hearing the deep-toned voice of Valentine Vox, who had stepped behind the hearse, quoting Bryant's *Thanatopsis*, 'So live that when thy summons comes,' etc., and he realized the seriousness of the situation, took to his heels and ran.

"The whole thing would have been really funny, had it not been so *grave*."

The gang held forth at Kirkholder's during the "we sma' hours" for many months after the above episode took place, but one of its star members was always missing. He had found other company, less congenial, perhaps, but safer. Later Kirkholder died, his place was closed, and one by one the gang was scattered; some reformed, married and went home nights; some left for parts unknown, and Vox, becoming lonely, quoted Thanatopsis for new listeners, drank deeper from the cup that cheers, but also inebriates, until he was no longer dependable, lost one position after another, and finally became more hopeless than his friend, whose funeral he arranged for in days gone by, and who afterwards became a steady, sober, reliable and trustworthy man.

The last time I saw Vox was at the time of the Chicago World's Fair when I was chief operator at Cleveland. The night chief was visiting the Fair and I was "filling in" for him for a few nights. The second night I was on duty—about midnight, when ghosts are said to hold full sway—there came floating in from the lobby: "So live that when thy (hic) summons comes to (hic) join that innumerable (hic) caravan." I knew it was Vox, loaded to the gunwales, because only in that condition did he flirt with the muse, and always, apparently, wound up on this one selection, and he could not be induced to change until he became completely run down or until—

"Sleep, balmy sleep,
Tired nature's sweet restorer,"

had him conquered.

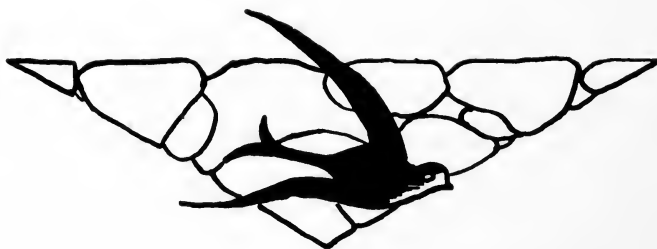
He wanted money on this occasion and I hesitated about letting him have it while he was in that condition, knowing that the bartender at the first saloon would have my money and Vox's goat. Each time I refused him he started in afresh on Thanatopsis, with variations, but always interspersed with a "hic." Listening back I can hear him now: "So live that when (hic) old Vox asks you for some coin of the (hic) realm, you go deeply into your (hic) pockets and produce. Then we (hic) march to that mysterious (hic) cafe, where all shall take their places and fill up on (hic) pleasant dreams." When he found me inexorable, he marched off into the night and next morning he was found dead in a bathroom, John Barleycorn having administered the solar plexus.

If I ever knew, I had forgotten where he was buried, but while driving through a neglected little Ohio cemetery with the "corpse" of years ago, he pointed to a grave far off and alone, on the headstone of which was chiseled:

"VALENTINE VOX,
Born January 2nd, 1852.
Died October 30th, 1893.

So live that when thy summons comes to join
That innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

And I wondered if here Vox had at last found that "peace which passeth all understanding," and if in the tall grass the song of the thrush was not sweetened by the silent influence of the sleeping Valentine Vox.



SECTION V

EARLY DAYS OF THE COMSTOCK

BY JEFF W. HAYES

SAND

IT was Christmas day in the high Sierras, and the miners, ranchers and teamsters were celebrating the occasion in the same way their fathers and mothers had done before them.

Some attended church service, others, of the more rollicking disposition, celebrated in a more riotous manner, and all seemed inclined not to allow the holiday to pass without some recognition.

The Nevada and California Telegraph Company operated its lines from Carson City, Nevada, thence passing to the south, ramifying southern and eastern Nevada and California for 500 miles, taking in all the mining camps in that remote region.

This line connected a complete chain of mining towns, now all but forgotten and off of the map.

Burke Spencer was the lineman and operator at Mountain House, Nevada, situated in Antelope valley.

He was small of stature, but wiry and possessed of determination, amounting almost to stubbornness.

His "beat" was from Genoa, on the north, to Hot Springs, on the south, and it covered a most beautiful part of the country during the summer months, but wild, cold and forbidding during the winter.

Burke was "on to his job" all the time, and the summer's heat and the winter's snow never deterred him from the performance of his duties.

The telegraph company utilized the large timber for pole line, when practicable, but oftimes were obliged to cross a small barren mountain, which was generally infested with millions of rattlesnakes, always ready to do business with the hardy trespasser on their domain.

Many and many an encounter did Burke have with these reptiles and often had he dispatched a lurking panther, or a too-daring California lion, and dangers, such as these, were hardly

considered worth the while mentioning. He had a stout heart, and while not courting danger, would never run away from it.

There was to be a turkey shoot at Jack Frost's, fifteen miles up the line and Spencer had obtained permission to be absent this Christmas afternoon, but was cautioned to keep his eye open for line trouble.

Jack Frost's was on the line of his beat and distant about eight miles from Hot Springs, and the lineman concluded to add business to pleasure and inspect the line en route to the turkey shoot.

It was 2 o'clock in the afternoon when Burke arrived at Frost's, where were gathered miners, hunters and trappers, all engaged in displaying their prowess with the rifle.

Spencer was known all over the county as a crack shot, and he certainly proved it during the following two hours, a dozen or more of the toothsome birds being marked up to his credit.

Before leaving for home he tested the line and to his chagrin found it was open south of him. He could get Carson, who reported that they had not heard from Aurora since noon.

It was now 4:00 o'clock and growing dark, as it does in the mountains this time of the year.

It was eight miles to Hot Springs by the stage road, the builders had not followed the road, but constructed the line up the mountain side to its summit, 4,000 feet above Jack Frost's station, then following the brow of the mountain to Hot Springs, a distance of seven miles.

It was not an inviting wind-up of the day's sport, but the life of a lineman is not a happy one at best.

Old Jack Frost, mountaineer, prospector and hotelkeeper, in vain attempted to dissuade Burke from embarking on his dangerous mission, pointing out that night was coming on, that the snow was deep and the timber wolves were many, hungry and audacious. Others, also, joined in urging Burke to wait till morning, one singing a refrain from that Alpine ditty—

"Come back, come back, the old man cried,
Come back, or you'll sure go died,
Come back and by the fire sit,"
"Ha, ha, I do not care a bit."

—Shoo Fly.

This mocking refrain was quite sufficient to impel Burke on his journey, and calling his faithful horse, Rodney, he led the

OMAHA

Nebraska

W. W. Hunt

J. B. Pemberton

Wm. J. Keane

Robert M. McDonald

William C. Mooney

J. Neale

W. J. Rusland

M. Seelermire

Chas. C. Hayden

Boonard Jagger

W. Nichols

P. F. Frenzer

J. R. Hyland

W. Salisbury

C. B. Horton

J. W. Dudley

J. P. Barnhart

N. B. Mead

A. J. Davies

C. E. Allen

G. Wolf

way up the rugged mountain; the little horse following like a faithful dog, both being soon lost to view in the approaching gloom.

The snow was deep, with a hard crust on top, heavy enough to support the weight of the man and beast.

It was quite dark when the summit was reached, but the trouble had not been found, and the journey toward Hot Springs began.

Slinging his trusty rifle over his back, the lineman mounted his mustang, believing it wiser to trust to that animal's sagacity to safely cross the treacherous footing of the mountain.

Four miles of this tedious journey had been slowly plodded without discovering the break, the night being lighted up only by the uncertain gleams of the stars, when, presently, man and horse were startled by a long, mournful cry to the left of them, which was soon after responded to by a similar noise immediately in their rear.

The horse quivered with fear and excitement and Burke talked to him reassuringly.

"Coyote, yes, timber wolves," he said. "Well, let them come," and he patted his rifle.

Five minutes later, at a sharp bend in the mountain, the horse's hoof caught in a piece of wire, almost resulting in throwing him from off his feet.

"Here, we have found it," cried Burke, "but we will have to be quick about making our repairs."

Burke knew full well that so long as he was mounted there was little danger to be apprehended from the timber wolves, which now, having scented their prey, were coming their way from all directions.

A quick inspection of the break and a temporary, but hasty, repair was made, as the wolves were getting nearer, and their appearance looked more aggressive.

Remounting his horse, Burke pursued his way in the direction of Hot Springs, still three miles away. The repairs to the line took but a few seconds, the lineman deciding he would return the following day to finish the job, the wire, meanwhile, lying on the dry snow.

Casting his eye back, Burke could see the dark figures of the wolves, clearly defined in the white snow, notwithstanding the deep gloom of approaching night.

If one has never heard the mournful cry of a wolf at night, he cannot realize the feeling which strikes one uninitiated to the ways of the mountains, but, when it comes to listening to two hundred, or perhaps three hundred, of these wild animals, the sound is sufficient to quake the heart of the most courageous.

The cries presently gave way to barks as they approached closer and closer. One of the wolves, more audacious than his companions, gave a sudden leap, essaying to jump on the horse's back, but he fell wide of the mark.

This action startled the horse, who slipped and fell, but speedily recovered himself.

It was now time for action, and Burke brought his rifle to his shoulder, pouring a volley of destruction in the wolves' midst, wounding and killing half a dozen of the beasts.

The shots checked the approach of the wolves, and they immediately attacked their wounded and dead comrades, quickly devouring them.

Burke had reloaded and was pursuing his journey onward, using much caution, as the slightest misstep would precipitate himself and his faithful horse down into the canyon, a mile below.

The taste of blood had now excited these miserable dwellers of the mountain and their cries and barks increased, but Spencer was undaunted.

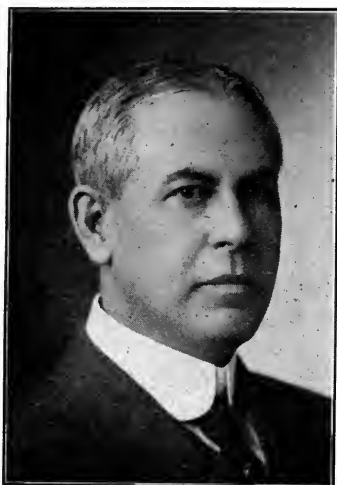
The mustang seemed to imbibe the courageous spirit of his master, and cautiously, but earnestly, trudged along.

Again, did Spencer stop in his tracks, turn his face to the beasts, and again did seven or eight of them drop, only to be immediately devoured by their companions.

Several times was the same experience enacted, and it looked as if the wolf tribe in Antelope valley would be annihilated were the distance to Hot Springs lengthened.

Burke was about facing a new dilemma. His cartridge belt fell down into the snow and it was positively dangerous now to think of dismounting to recover it. Husbanding his ammunition and accelerating his speed, Burke at length arrived within sight of the Hot Springs hotel, from the front of which flashed a bright light.

The noise of the shots had brought some half a dozen of the guests to the front with their rifles, but the army of wolves, realizing their approach to civilization, sat down upon their



W. C. BLACK



GRACE ARNOLD



GRACE CORREO



RUTH NEAVE

haunches for a minute, uniting in one last mournful yell, and then beat their way back to their lairs.

Upon arriving at the hotel, Spencer called up Aurora and found that the line was working all right, and he was warmly commended for his excellent work.

Retracing his steps the following morning to make permanent repairs to the line, a scene of carnage extending for a distance of more than two miles met his gaze. The cartridge belt was found, but all chewed to pieces by the hungry beasts.

EARLY DAYS OF THE COMSTOCK

TO the telegraph artist of the present day it would appear a trifle ridiculous to listen to a story of an operator with a bank account of \$1,000,000 wasting his life in a telegraph office to earn a measly \$115 per month. Such a man's intentions would be criticized if the fact of his great wealth were known, but people of the early Comstock days were prone to cheerfully mind their own business, and in their own chase for the nimble dollar their brother's success would hardly concern them.

The office in Virginia City, Nevada, was presided over by George Senf, who was known far and wide by the nickname of "Graphy."

"Graphy" was very popular with the mine owners, the general public and his office staff.

He was a man of fortune, but owing to his speculative desires fortune varied according to the temper of the stock market.

A young Canadian named Johnnie Skae was an operator in Virginia City about this time. He excelled as an operator, was a good financier, with an eye open at all times to make a dollar, and not overly conscientious as to the methods employed, so long as it came within the pale of the law.

Jim Keene was a leading stock broker in San Francisco, and he would pay frequent visits to the Comstock, where he got acquainted with young Skae, and evidently showed him "how to get rich quick."

Skae proved to be a very apt pupil, and it was noticeable that he would disappear into an ante room several times a day, from which he would emerge with a piece of paper in hand. The pilgrimages to the outer room were made chiefly after a

bunch of telegrams from the office of the Bonanza firm had been filed.

These operations continued for several months, no one being at all suspicious of an underground line between the Comstock and San Francisco, but one day it became certain to the mine owners that there was someone at work giving advance news to Jim Keene of the contents of telegrams filed at Virginia City.

Some of the men were dismissed, but the leak still continued, until it was decided that the "faithful" Johnnie Skae be removed. He was such an exemplary young man that he had diverted suspicion from himself up to this time.

It grieved "Graphy" very much to discharge the young Canadian. When he told him of the orders from the San Francisco office affecting his position, "Graphy" expressed his regrets and said: "Johnnie, I am very sorry about this and I hope that I will be able to get you a job somewhere else around town. It is hard to be thrown out of job in the middle of winter, Johnnie, and I wish that I did not have to fire you."

Skae thanked the manager for his kindly expressions and invited him across to "66," a noted cafe in those days, to take a drink.

"If you want to go to San Francisco I'll loan you a little money to do so," said the kind-hearted Senf.

"That's exceedingly nice of you, Graphy," replied Skae, "but, you see, I have been looking for just such a move as this from the Bonanza kings and I have been saving up a little, as you can see from my bank book which I have just had balanced."

Producing the pass book, to Graphy's astonishment there was a balance to Skae's credit shown of \$960,000.

"Yes," continued Skae, "I'm sorry that I could not have remained two days longer and I could have added \$40,000, making me a millionaire."

The jig was up, the story leaked out into the newspapers, and newer and more intricate cryptographs were compiled, and all operators of the "meek as Moses" type were carefully scrutinized ere securing employment in Virginia City office.

Johnnie Skae became a great mining speculator, bringing about the famous Sierra Nevada deal, which shook the country about 1878, making and unmaking many millionaires.

Skae eventually went broke and died a pauper.

WHEN GOLD HILL WAS A HUMMER

IN the '70's Gold Hill, Nevada, was a very lively camp, being the home town of several United States Senators who, later on, made their mark at the Nation's capital.

The number of dividend-paying mines was large and this city, adjacent to Virginia City, was wealthy and prosperous.

The town began at the Divide and descended by an easy grade to Devil's Gate and Silver City, two miles to the East.

What was well known as the "Washoe Zephyr," facetiously called by the daily papers of that day, originated in the Washoe district, finding its way through the Bullion ravine and bursting with all its fury on the innocent mining town, carrying all loose portable objects in its way.

It was great sport in those days to pack a dozen, or more, empty oil cans to the Divide and turn them loose, one at a time, watching the queer antics which the Washoe zephyr played with them on their long three-mile journey to Devil's Gate.

The telegraph boys were the promoters of this kind of sport, the telegraph office being near the Divide, where John M. Bell, now with the Federal Telegraph Company at Tacoma, Wash., officiated as operator. A. J. Booth, now of 195 Broadway, was also working in Gold Hill in that far-off period.

Adjoining the telegraph office at Gold Hill to the west was a bank, and next to that was Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express office, and on the other side of the telegraph office was a Chinese laundry, conducted by one Wing Fat, an Oriental, wide-awake and progressive.

Like most of his white brothers, the Mongolian dabbled in stocks, sometimes with lucky results. He was particularly fond of spending an hour each day around the telegraph office, reading the stock quotations and listening to the mining gossip.

Wing Fat was very friendly with young Bell, whose efforts at drawing and lettering he very much admired.

"I say, Mister Bell, I likee you to paintee me a sign for my place," said the Chinaman, addressing the operator.

"All right," replied Bell, "I'll be glad to do it. What shall I say on the sign?"

"Oh, tellum that Wing Fat does washee and ironing here."

"Shall I say you do it cheap?" asked Bell.

"Yes, tellum, cheapee, belly dam cheapee," was the reply.

A couple of 2x4's were speedily constructed to serve as a

frame and a piece of stout canvas was stretched on both sides and ornamented with a coat of deep red paint, which, after drying, passed into the hands of Johnnie Bell, who performed his portion of the task right well.

The sign became conspicuous for its peculiar wording more than it did for its artistic finish, and many a miner as he walked up and down past the laundry, dinner bucket in hand, would crack a smile, unnoticed by the smiling Oriental, who was proud of the new piece of furniture added to his plant.

A month went by and John M. Bell was getting ready to leave for another camp, and he was informed by Wing Fat that "business was muchee good since he put up the signee."

The Washoe zephyr blows still with mighty force, as it issues out of Bullion ravine and comes screaming down toward the Gate of the Devil, carrying in its erratic course tailings from the many abandoned worked-out mines, once so productive.

The telegraph office, bank, express office and daily paper have long ago ceased doing business in Gold Hill, and but few people are there left to tell the story of its previous grandeur.

The wind blew down the laundry sign of Wing Fat, but that individual picked it up and nailed it securely to the side of the building, where the lonely passer-by can still distinguish the following legend:

"Wing Fat,
Washee and ironing done,
Belly dam cheeppee."

"7 TIMES 7 AM 42"

Mr. L. K. Whitcomb, district commercial superintendent at Dallas, is No. 7 on our list of subscribers. Seven is a complete number, the Bible says, and many think it a lucky number. Here is what Janitor Jim Brown says about that:

"Thère was a raffle for a gold watch de other night down at Dollar Bill, and I wanted to win dat timepiece. I said to Dollar Bill: 'Bill, gimme ticket No. 7,' but he told me dat number was took. I den walked around 7 blocks and said, 'Well, if 7 am a lucky number, why 7 times 7 am a luckier

number.' I says, '7 times 7 am 42.' I went in, bought ticket No. 42, and won de watch."

CREATING A NEW POSITION

SOME years ago, there was an old stage driver, who operated throughout Nevada who was known all over the states by his nickname only, "Stub."

This individual also assisted in distributing the mail along his line of travel.

One day, he found a letter in his pouch addressed William Henry Gillespie, but after diligent inquiry he brought the letter back to the postman, stating that he could find no such man on his route.

"Ain't that your name away back in Maine?" queried Johnnie Bell, the telegraph operator, at Candelaria.

"Well, I'll be gosh jiggered if yez ain't right, and I had forgotten my own name," said "Stub," as he seized his home letter.

The other day I sent a note up to the 15th floor of the W. U. building addressed to "Alfred B. McCoy," but after faithful inquiry the messenger reported his inability to find the gentleman.

The address on the note was then changed to read, "Baldie" McCoy, which resulted in instantaneous delivery.

Alfred B. McCoy worked in Virginia City, Nevada, in the "early days," as the late John W. Mackey used to love to call them.

It was a rather free, go-as-you-please sort of a place, and nobody would ever get into trouble there, as long as he did any-ways near like the right thing.

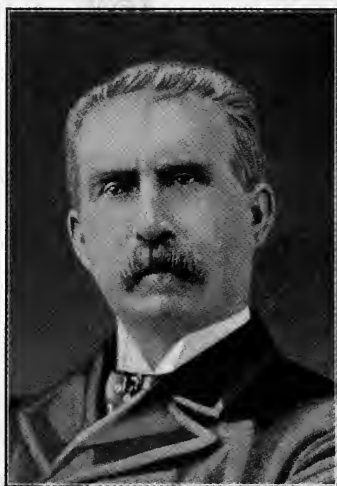
They were a rollicking lot, not necessarily riotous, but yet not quite built on the Sunday school pattern.

McCoy had a partner in the Virginia City office named Eugene H. Sherwood, who did not need any coaching when it came to playing pranks, and the twain were the life of the office.

Mr. John W. Mackey was a frequent visitor to the operating room, where he would spend an hour or two every evening reading advance copy of the press reports as they were received over the wires.

Mr. Mackey was deeply interested in the telegraph business and would often remark, that "perhaps, some day, I may have a telegraph line of my own."

Who knows but what these visits to the telegraph office



JOHN W. MACKEY

really resulted in the present splendid property, known as the "Postal Telegraph Cable Company?"

"Baldie" McCoy would sit at the wire copying from Mike Conway, at Salt Lake, and making Joe Wood at Sacramento, or George Bowker or Cap Dennis, at San Francisco, do his breaking, Virginia City being the nearest to the sending office. In this way the foxy chap acquired another appellation of "Never Break Baldie," which suited him.

It may have been jealousy, or it may have been just the Old Nick that instigated Sherwood, whom we all called "Sherry," to put up a job to make Baldie break.

Mr. Mackey had passed the cigars around as usual and had settled himself down to read the day's doings, as told in the press dispatches, when "Sherry" began to gather all the refuse paper there was in the room.

BUFFALO, N.Y.

1886

A C Terry

T. A. Laird

Saml Stewart

M. Buell

W. Kim

W. Hutton

S. T. Davidson

Luo Saper

J. Corcoran

J. Larish

Joseph Anderson

F. P. Jones

J. B. Shocum

G. H. Usher

E. Harvey Jr.

T. W. Collins

F. L. Gardner

J. A. Carroll

E. A. Hamilton

J. Smering

H. S. Newbold

Several newspapers and the litter from the waste paper baskets were carefully gathered up and as carefully deposited under McCoy's chair, that individual being entirely oblivious to what was going on, so intent was he in copying Mike Conway's doubtful Morse without breaking.

A mass of rubbish had now been accumulated and placed under the receiver's chair, and applying a lighted match to the debris, a miniature conflagration ensued.

McCoy was the last to notice what was going on, but his trousers catching fire brought his attention to the blaze.

Quickly he opened his key and said "bk" and with a well delivered kick he dispelled the incipient fire.

"I don't care for my pants," remarked Baldie afterwards, "but I do mind spoiling my record for not breaking that fellow at Salt Lake."

Mr. Mackey was a witness to the episode and when it was explained why the joke was perpetrated, he laughed heartily.

A few days later, in rummaging over their room, Baldie found a high silk plug hat, the size being the unusual one of 7 1-2.

"What shall we do with it?" they asked each other, for the hat was nearly new, but it was no joke for a man to wear a plug hat in Virginia City, and then, again, the size was so big that it would be difficult to find a person to fit it.

"I got a scheme," said Sherry, "let's go and give this hat to Captain Sam, chief of the Piutes."

"Good idea, and we will make it a national affair, too," quoth McCoy.

An hour later the two companions were climbing the rugged Mt. Davidson, where Captain Sam was making his temporary home.

Several parties of ladies of the first families of Nevada were busily engaged in playing a desultory game of Indian poker, while the omnipresent papoose and Indian dog nestled closely to each other in the shade of the sage brush and grease wood.

Johnson Sides, premier to the chief of the Piutes stalked forth, and it was he whom the wire men addressed.

"Send out your swiftest runner and get Captain Sam in, we have a message for him from the big chief of the wiregraph at Washington." This was the message the premier received, and calling an athletic young buck, the communication was

translated into Indian jargon, the runner disappearing from view instantly.

The two operators continued the ascent of Mount Davidson, assuring Mr. Sides that they would return in two hours, carrying with them the plug hat which was intended as a present to Captain Sam.

Four o'clock arrived and the two young men had wended their way back to Captain Sam's wickiup, where they found the expectant captain.

After some preliminary salutations, Baldie McCoy began his oration.

"Captain Sam, great chief of the Piute nation, I come from the great father of the wiregraph. He sends good words to you and to your squaws, your papooses and to Mr. Johnson Sides, your secretary of state. Captain Sam, noble head of a noble nation, the great father of the wiregraph has ordered me to bring to you this elegant silk tile, which he hopes will fit you and which is to be the insignia of another new honor which he wishes to confer upon you.

"This hat makes you, not only the big chief of a big nation, but as long as you wear it, you will be big chief of the wiregraph in the White Pine country of Nevada. Captain Sam, I now salute the Supervisor of the White Pine wiregraph, and hope you may live long and be happy."

The hat proved to be a perfect fit, and Captain Sam really did look some pumpkins when he donned it.

It is doubtful which honor pleased the aborigine the most, the present of the plug hat, or the creation of a new title, without salary, as Supervisor of the White Pine line, but it is a matter of record that from that day, there was much less wire trouble on the dear old White Pine circuit.

Years have passed since the foregoing episode shook the legendary history of the Piute nation.

The late Mrs. James G. Fair built a home for Captain Sam and his family at the "Homestead," adjacent to the city.

The occasion was celebrated by a grand barbecue. A piano was one of the articles of furniture presented by Mrs. Fair, in hopes that some of the doughty captain's children might be musically gifted.

The wily chief of the Piutes gave his followers an exhibition

on the piano, which raised the chief still higher in their estimation.

Too much civilization is not good for an Indian, and the erstwhile "Supervisor of the White Pine Telegraph line" succumbed to the insidious disease, pneumonia.

AN UNPARALLELED CASE.

THE telegraph companies have taken much precaution to safeguard their money transfer system and to render it practically impossible for any person, or combination of persons, to defraud these corporations, without a very speedy detection and accompanying punishment.

Ordinarily, this will work out, but Bobbie Burns truthfully says: "The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft alee."

It would not be wise to publish the following story if there was a chance of history repeating itself by a like occurrence, but the same conditions could hardly take place again, and as the story has a moral and an object lesson, for both companies and managers, I feel free to relate it.

The history of the case was related to me by the chief actor, who dwelt with diabolical glee and satisfaction upon the part he took in the transaction, evidently believing in his entire lack of moral uprightness, that he was entitled to some credit and consideration for showing the way to overcome well intrenched safeguards around the company's treasure box.

The following is the story:

It occurred during the Nation's Centennial, that a man whom we will call Sam Pitcher, was manager for the Western Union at Reno, Nevada.

Pitcher had somewhat of a checkered career, prior to his appointment to the Reno office, but he was shrewd and a good operator, which counted for much in those days.

An uneasy feeling pervaded the entire Pacific Coast. Millionaires were made and unmade every day, and the daily occurrences would read like a romance.

The bootblack, the barber, the woman who washed your soiled linen, even your messenger boys became rich while they slept.

Pitcher wanted to become wealthy, too, and did not care

Chicago

1886

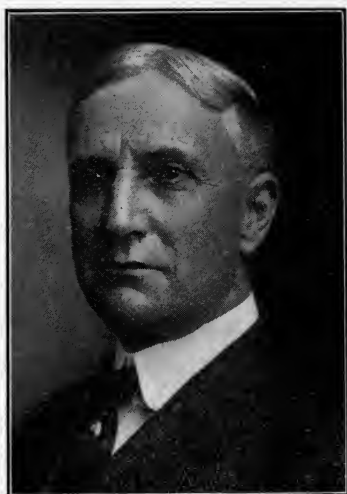
Jas. Green	L. Hawes Long
M. V. Harris	J. A. Long
H. A. Culver	C. H. Johnson
C. M. Roebuck	J. M. Prentice
J. H. Nahn	F. B. Beach
F. S. Mack	C. G. Wright
Clarence	L. Cleaveland
Chas. D. Murphy	F. W. Mason
W. F. Fairbairn	B. A. White
Chas. Weaver	J. P. Holligan
A. P. Velie	J. L. Morris
H. Collins	John Frost
W. H. Russell	A. H. Babb
F. J. Spear	J. A. Baggett
J. E. Sauthard	W. J. Morissette
James C. DeLong	E. M. Lawrence
Geo. L. Morris	J. D. Conway
Wm. J. Apperman	S. O. Robinson
J. E. Ashcroft	

E. P. Hoffman
 J. J. Conant
 W. D. Cunn
 A. Cranley
 W. D. Cunn
 N. D. Cunn
 W. D. Cunn

much by what means he accomplished that result. Opportunities seemed plentiful, but apparently did not come exactly within his grasp.

All of the overland wires came into the Reno office, and were looped into the Virginia City office, the big repeating point in those days.

The office at Gold Hill, just over the Divide from Virginia City, had two wires looped into that place, but, as a general



C. M. BAKER

thing, they used but one wire, and that was known as the "stock" wire.

Horace Jones worked the "stock wire" in San Francisco and Thomas J. Baldwin, sometimes called "Judge," and "Lucky" Baldwin, worked the Virginia end. Abe Booth, then a stripling, 17 years old, worked in Gold Hill. Although but a boy, Abe could hold down his end with the best of them. He was, however, a wee bit careless, like most boys of that age, and it was upon this fact, which was known to Pitcher, that the latter conceived and carried to a successful culmination, a plan daring as it was diabolical.

Pitcher paid a visit to Gold Hill one Sunday and incidentally came across the money transfer ciphers of that office.

Quickly he made note of the next cipher word, Special.

Neither Booth, nor the manager, Samuel W. Chubbuck, happened to be around when Pitcher was making his memoranda, and neither knew that he was in their city.

During his ride back to Reno, he formulated his scheme. He would beat the telegraph company and they never could fasten the guilt on anyone. So adroit was to be the scheme that, although the dark, lurking clouds of suspicion might cast a shadow on him, there was absolutely no way to convict him of dishonesty. And then, what a laugh he would have all to himself; he chuckled over the success of his prospective scheme.

Two days later, there was a movement in the stock market and stocks were soaring to the skies, and, here was the opportunity that Pitcher was anticipating.

As previously related, the stock wire looped into Virginia City and Gold Hill via Reno.

About 11 a. m. Pitcher grounded the stock wire at Reno and sent the following message:

No. 36, D. H. Transfer.

Gold Hill, Nevada, July 23, 1876.

To Transfer Agent,

San Francisco, Cal.

Pay John Agne; will arrive on train from east today, Reno, Nev., Special from James Agne, Gold Hill. Caution.

Signed, S. W. Chubbuck,
Office Manager.

"O. K." said Horace Jones and Pitcher removed the ground to find Virginia City frantically calling for a rush stock message.

A few minutes later, Abe Booth, at Gold Hill, called "S. F." for "rush."

He began, "No. 36," but Jones broke, saying, "Your next number is 37."

"O. K." replied Abe, believing he must have sent a message and neglected to put down the number and, as this was a very important telegram he would not take time to verify the number sheet.

Pitcher was bending over the wire in Reno, with an anxious look on his face, and with his heart in his throat, but when he heard the challenge and Gold Hill's reply to make it No. 37, he knew that the success of his nefarious designs was assured.

He jumped three feet into the air, giving vent to fiendish chuckles and tickling his own ribs in the ecstasy of his emotions.

Fifteen minutes later San Francisco called Reno on the stock wire and to prevent Gold Hill hearing what might come, the ground was again resorted to. The following message came over the wire:

San Francisco, Cal., July 23, 1876.

To Sam'l Pitcher,
Reno, Nev.

Pay John Agne, will arrive on today's train from the east,
Special from James Agne, Gold Hill, Caution.

Signed,,
Transfer Agent.

"Hooray!" shouted Pitcher, as he removed the ground, and danced a regular jig all around the room.

But he was not yet out of the woods; he had much diplomatic work to do.

A prominent banker, a former operator, by the way, was consulted.

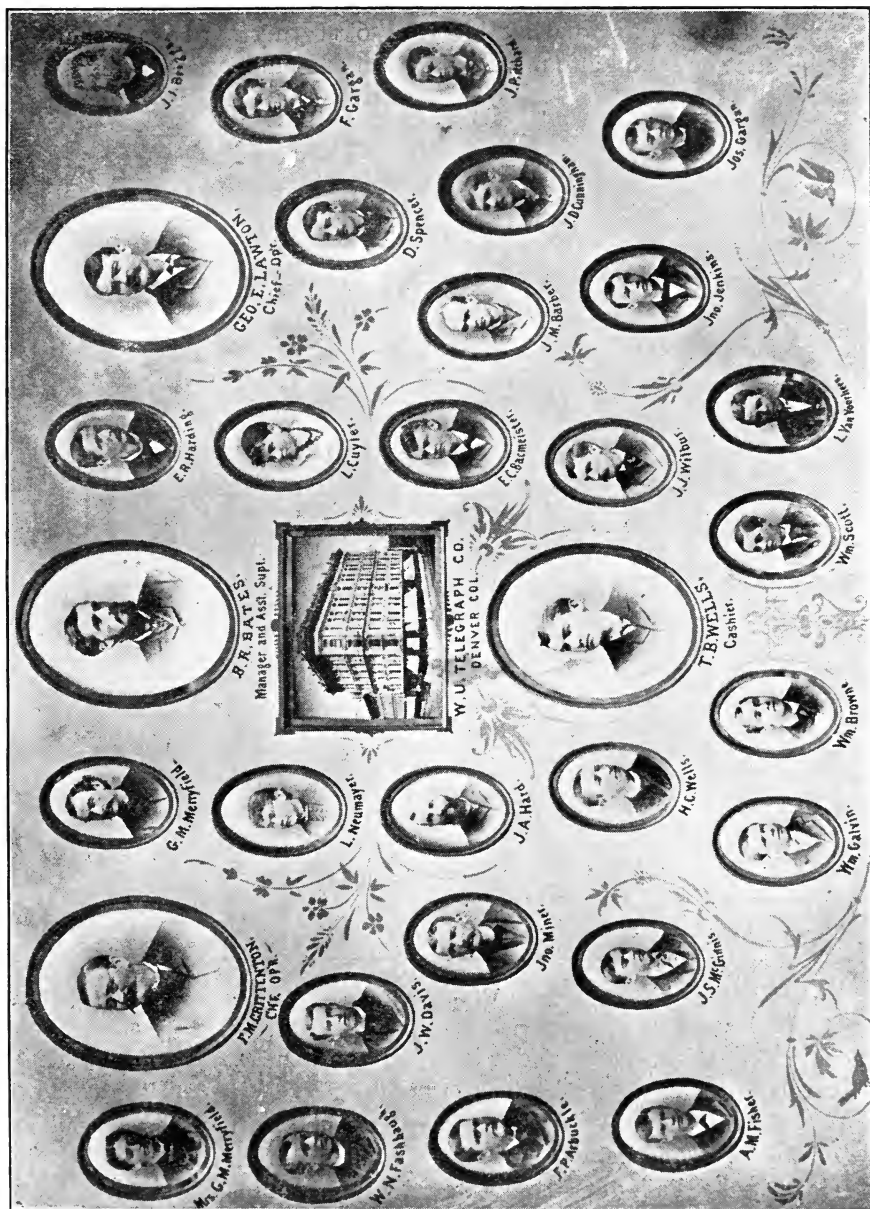
"I have a transfer to pay a man who just arrived on the west bound train. It is for \$500 and the sender has waived identification. The payee, however, has letters from his brother, advising that he was going to send the money by telegraph, etc. The payee, Pitcher further told the banker, had a ring with his name engraved on the inside and possessed a watch with similar engraving. He had letters galore, addressed to him from his brother in Gold Hill, etc.

The banker, who was a very level-headed man, stated that he would not hesitate to pay a money transfer under similar circumstances, inasmuch, too, as identification was waived and the manager was allowed so much more leeway.

The signature to the money transfer was a very singular one, and the original was immediately mailed to San Francisco, the duplicate being reserved for the Reno office files.

Three days elapsed, and Pitcher, who was watching intently the stock wire, detected a telegram to the Gold Hill office, asking why remittance had not been forwarded for the Special Agne transfer.

The response from Mr. Chubbuck came quickly denying any knowledge of such a transfer.



Messages were exchanged with lightning rapidity between the San Francisco office and Gold Hill, and to the inquiry from San Francisco, as to what his No. 36 of July 23rd was, there could not be found any message with that number, and no expla-



W. J. LLOYD

nation could be given about it, other than the young operator's carelessness in not verifying the number.

All this time Pitcher kept a close watch on what was stirring on the wire, and he was laughing with fiendish glee to think how cleverly he had outwitted the telegraph company, putting to naught their best laid plans for secrecy in their money transfer system.

He had no compunctions of conscience, and could only

rejoice at the glorious success of his efforts, for it was he who had written the name of the fictitious John Agne, and it was he who had laid the plot, and it was he who had \$500 which did not belong to him.

A day later a quiet looking man arrived on the train from San Francisco and entered the office. Pitcher instantly knew his visitor was a detective, but notwithstanding his nonchalance and sang froid, the sleuth peered beneath the surface and was satisfied that here was the crook, but how was he going to prove it? Ah, there was the rub. There was no way to fasten the crime on to Pitcher unless he confessed to it, and, of course, there was no likelihood of that.

Officials from the San Francisco office hounded Reno and Gold Hill for the next two weeks, but nothing could be learned. It was acknowledged that the carelessness regarding the missing number "36" left a loop-hole and it was finally decided to make each office—Gold Hill and Reno—pay one-half of the amount of the transfer, but this Pitcher indignantly refused to do, betaking himself to the highest plane of outraged honesty, and he was accordingly discharged.

Samuel Pitcher still lives, but he is a wanderer and an out-cast on the face of the earth. He avoids the home of his youth and the acquaintances of later life. His misdeeds have found him out and he is reaping the whirlwind.

CANDELARIA

THE alkali gleamed in the mid-day sun exasperating alike to man and beast, for, far off to the east, eighty miles away, also gleamed the everlasting snow of the Tiobabe mountains.

New diggings had been discovered at Candelaria, Esmeralda county, Nevada, and a hegira was taking place from the waning mining camps in that part of the state.

Such bustle, such hurrying and crowding to get there, to be the first on the ground, and what for?

Many did not know that water was selling for five cents a gallon, and if reminded of the fact, would jokingly declare that they never drank water, anyway.

The telegraph company, bent on business, followed in the wake of this movement, and lacking poles stretched their wires for miles upon the hot, dry sands of this uninviting desert.

There was no formality about opening of the Candelaria telegraph office, and after purchasing 100 gallons of water from a Mexican who hauled the costly treasure 15 miles, Johnnie Bell, the operator, proceeded to set up his batteries and install his instruments.

"But what about a ground wire?" came from Royal Heath, who had served with Frank Bell in the White Pine country.

"That's so," replied Bell, "let's go and locate one."

But this was much easier said than done, for in this lava bed there was no ground to be reached. The whole country was in a vast mineral belt and no ground could be effected.

Here was a dilemma, sure enough, and it was a matter that interested every inhabitant of the new diggings.

What could be done? Some "ham," who had graduated at the Janesville college, suggested that the ground wire be attached to a sage brush tree and he was given five hours to leave town.

John Bell knew that the Mount Diablo had sunk a shaft 1,700 feet, before the claim had been abandoned, and getting the use of a windlass and an experienced miner, essayed the descent in hopes of locating a spot suitable for this purpose.

After ten hours of perilous search, he returned, declaring the whole interior of the mine was dry as a bone.

Tom Nixon, afterward United States Senator from Nevada, and who was working at Luning, a little station some forty miles away, dropped in on this evening and thought he could assist in obtaining the desired ground, and by his aid, it was discovered that down on the 2,400-foot level of the Northern Belle, there was a place where the rocks were cool.

This was sufficient hint and obtaining a piece of iron two feet long, a drill was made in the rock, and the iron wedge inserted, the ground wire being attached to the iron and soldered. This was a distance of more than two miles from the telegraph office.

It was a very indifferent ground and never worked well.

Tom Nixon's salary at Luning was \$60 per month at this time, but he died a millionaire, much respected by all who knew him.

Water was a costly commodity in this barren spot, and cost more than rent, light, fuel and messengers' salaries. The hot, dry atmosphere seemed to lick up the water over night, and as 100 cells of battery had to be maintained, it can readily be computed what the expense for battery maintenance was, at five cents a gallon for water.

Candelaria had its day, but it is a town of the past, and there is hardly a stone left to tell the story of its once gay doings.

Johnnie Bell secured the greatest prize of the camp when he married the belle of Candelaria, who is still his happy helpmeet, smoothing down the rough sides of life.

THE SEVEN MOUNDS

MANY solicitous inquiries have been made in the last decade relative to the whereabouts, or probable fate, of Aaron B. Hilliker, telegraph operator, minstrel and story writer.

Aaron Burr Hilliker was known from New York to San Francisco prior to the War of the Rebellion. His was an adventurous nature, and he assisted materially in making the path to the great West easier for the next comer. He possessed a gentle spirit and many lovable traits, which endeared him to all his friends, who were legion. The following weird story, which came to the knowledge of the writer through the late Ed C. Keeler, may establish beyond question the passing of Aaron B. Hilliker, and his last days on earth.

A party of thirteen left Boston in May, 1888, bound for the West. It consisted of John B. Lansing, his wife and her sister, and eight young fellows about town, well-to-do and of an adventurous turn of mind, the party being under the guidance of two middle-aged prospectors. These two latter personages had come to Boston to organize a party for the purpose of prospecting and developing some alleged wonderful gold mines in Southern Nevada and California.

The members of this little band were in high spirits as they pursued their journey to the far West; the grandeur of the scenery and the vastness of the country filling all with awe and admiration.

Many stops were made en route, mostly in Colorado, Wyoming and Utah. At one of the stations in Colorado Mr. Lansing and his wife formed the acquaintance of a telegraph operator. He had passed the middle age, but was hale and hearty. He appeared to be thoroughly conversant with the country, and as the party numbered the unlucky thirteen, the operator was asked to join the adventurers, which he did. It is said that his singing "The Old Oaken Bucket," which was rendered in a most artistic manner, was one of the leading attractions that caused the telegraph operator to be offered a place with the party.

It was some time in July, 1888, that a caravan composed of seven wagons, drawn by a dozen horses and a yoke of oxen, made its departure from Reno, Nev., bound South. No address was left with any of the merchants who fitted out the party, and it appeared as if that were to be a secret. There were two ladies in the party, properly dressed for the occasion. The ox team was driven by a man of fifty-five or thereabouts, who seemed to be the life of the party. He was continually playing jokes upon his comrades, and just before leaving, he, with three other good voices, sang "The Old Oaken Bucket," which received a rousing encore.

As cash was paid for everything they obtained, the episode of their coming and going passed out of the minds of most everyone, excepting the several persons that helped to outfit the party.

The caravan went due South through Carson and Jack's Valley, where they entered a sterile country, once known on the map as the "Great American Desert."

It was in June, 1907, that Eugene Burdick, mining engineer, civil engineer and prospector, residing in Tuolumne County, California, received a letter from Boston, which read as follows:

"I am seeking information regarding a party that left Boston in May, 1888, bound for Southern Nevada and California. I am willing to pay \$5,000 for authentic information which will enable me to establish beyond any doubt the fate of these people. There were thirteen persons, two women and eleven men. The leader of the party was John B. Lansing, and it is of his fate that I desire to know, because a large estate is in litigation. The last heard from Lansing was from Reno, Nev., in July, 1888."

Burdick was well acquainted with all the country leading from Reno to the South, and readily accepted the mission. His visit to Reno elicited the facts related above, and taking up the

clue, Burdick began his laborious task of finding the lost caravan. Carefully he followed them across mountains and desert, through what looked like inaccessible canyons, but not one item of intelligence could he learn of the missing ones.

It was on the evening of the seventh day after leaving Reno that Eugene Burdick stopped for the night at the wickiup of Shoshone Joe, on the border of Death Valley. This Indian had lived in and around the neighborhood with his wife, Sally, for more than twenty-five years, and was a character well known to emigrants and prospectors.

A present of a few trinkets to the Indian made him quite friendly. Burdick inquired if they had ever seen a caravan of seven wagons passing that way long ago. Shoshone Joe, with many "Ugh"! "Ugh's"! picked up seven twigs, which he placed in the ground in a straight line a few inches apart, and then taking a stick, with one sweep knocked them all down, dramatically exclaiming, "All gone!"

Burdick inferred from this that the Indian knew something which might assist him in finding the lost ones. He gathered that the Indian had seen the party, and had furnished them with fresh water prior to their crossing the Valley. A blinding sand-storm occurred a few hours later, and the caravan lost its way going south of the regular trail. Shoshone Joe said that once when he was down the Valley he could see seven little hills at a distance of ten miles, but Indian-like, he was afraid of the "Debil," and he had never investigated.

This information interested Burdick very much, and by making a few more presents he induced the Indian next morning to come with him and locate the seven hills he had told about.

Taking a two days' supply of water and a pick and shovel, Burdick, with his companion, started across the Valley in the direction indicated by Shoshone Joe. The route was arduous, the sand being so deep and fine not more than a mile and a half an hour could be traveled.

Five miles of this wearisome journey had been traversed, when Burdick located, by means of his spyglass, the seven mounds described by the Indian, at a distance of probably ten miles, away to the south, and this added fresh impetus to his efforts.

Six hours later the twain arrived at the seven mounds. A vigorous blow with the pick-axe felled one of the mounds, and

two skeletons fell out into the deep sand. The relics were those of a wagon which was ready to crumble to pieces, the tires on the wheels being worn as fine as ribbons. This wagon had been drawn by an ox team, the horns and bones of which were half covered by the desert sand.

Twenty feet further along was another similar mound. It took but a little shake to bring the second wagon to the ground, and two more skeletons were exposed to view. An object that proved to be a gold watch and chain fell out into the sand, but was speedily found by the watchful Burdick. He pried open the case of the watch, and on the inside read the following inscription:

"To John B. Lansing. From his wife, Dec. 25, 1886."

"This is all the proof I want," said Burdick, and bidding good-bye to the gruesome spectacle, he beat a hasty retreat. The Boston people were satisfied with Burdick's story, and the evidence that he produced, and he received the reward.

The shifting, treacherous sands now completely cover the seven little mounds, and all that is mortal of Aaron Burr Hillicker, telegraph operator, philosopher, bohemian, gentleman.

EARTHQUAKES TO ORDER

By JOHN F. LEDWIDGE

ALONG in the eighties and particularly after our little ruction with the W. U. in 1883, a spirit of unrest seemed to seize many of the boys in the East, who, under ordinary circumstances, would have been content to remain at their original places of employment for the rest of their natural lives. As a result of this "wanderlust" Ogden, which was then the regular relay office on the Central route between Omaha and San Francisco, was blessed with the presence of a great many of these "tenderfeet" for a period of time varying from one to six months; and when I use the word "tenderfeet" it is employed not as a term of opprobrium but as a means of distinguishing the old-timers from the newcomers.

Ed. Keeler, of course, had been in Ogden off and on for so long that there was no question about his right to the title of "old-timer" and Billy Dermody had been out from Cincinnati just about long enough for the moss to wear off his back. In fact, as later events demonstrated, Billy made a mighty good "native," and if he had been there in the time of Brigham Young, the chances are that he would have been selected as one of the twelve apostles in the Mormon Church. Walter Patterson was there, too, and so was Phil Kearney and Alex Bruckman and lots more of the old gang.

For years, the W. U. had occupied the second floor of the Dooly Block as an operating and battery room, but shortly before the time referred to in this story, the company had moved us to the third floor and the second floor remained unoccupied for a long time thereafter. I make mention of this fact because it has bearing on the incident that I am about to relate.

Among those who came to our midst from the East (and I cannot now recall just where he hailed from) was Jerry Gleason, and a finer fellow or a better operator it would be hard to find; but he was an absolute novice as to western ways and people, and as a matter of course was legitimate prey for Ed Keeler. Jerry had never experienced an earthquake, and, with the rest of our visitors, could not separate Utah from the Pacific

Coast, but took it for granted that as soon as he reached Ogden, he was in the quake zone and busied himself with questioning the force about earthquakes until at last he got around to Keeler. Can you imagine it?

At all events, when we came on duty one night, the word was passed around that an earthquake was due about midnight, and to make the conditions more realistic, it had been a day such as one now and then encounters in the inter-mountain region—hazy, oppressive and the air charged with electricity to such an extent that it would almost make the ends of your fingers tingle in case you happened to touch a good conductor. Jerry was filled with earthquake stories at every opportunity between the time he came on duty (if my memory serves me right, he was working the Omaha duplex that night) and the time the temblor was due to arrive, and rest assured that little Eddie didn't give Jerry a single chance to forget what was coming.

As midnight approached, a rumbling sound was heard, evidently emanating from the bowels of the earth. This was produced by rolling from one end to the other on the floor of the unoccupied room under us a heavy iron roller, weighing in the neighborhood of fifty pounds. It surely did make some rumble, and right from the first Jerry sat up and took notice. I may be mistaken, but I think that Billy Dermody was the engineer on the roller. Another one of the boys was delegated to now and then smash the receiving counter at the east end of the office with a big club which had been secured for the purpose, and to make other noises conveying the impression of grinding and crushing when the quake reached its climax. There were many other accessories, but after the lapse of time I am unable to recall them. Suffice it to say that the work was well done, so well done that we were obliged to grab Jerry and hold onto him in order to prevent him from jumping from one of the third story windows on the north side of the office.

I have often wondered what has become of Jerry, and I should like to meet him again and have him tell me what his feelings were during the ordeal through which he was compelled to pass. I have several times of late years asked Ed Keeler what his feelings were while the performance was going on, but he persistently refuses to answer—he simply laughs!

SOME CLASS

BY EDWARD F. WACH

THE North American Indian has a favorite axiom, which runs like this:

"Fool me once, shame on you.
Fool me twice, shame on me."

These aborigines are very vain, the buck oftentimes vying with his spouse in the gay decoration of head gear and face paint.

They are a prodigal lot and money burns a hole in their pockets, so there is but little attention paid to accumulation.

I spent a few years of my younger days with the railroad companies in Montana, where the noble red man would bargain off his homestead often for a mess of pottage.

A smart real estate man started the ball rolling one day when he gave a redskin a real Studebaker buggy and harness in part payment for 160 acres of land.

The happy Indian hitched his best horse to the buggy and piled in all his family, each clad in a picturesque blue or red blanket.

They naturally attracted much attention and envy among their brother redskins, all of whom determined to have a buggy of their own, unmindful of the price.

And so a run was made on the buggy department of the agricultural implement concern at Havre, and every Indian who could became the possessor of a buggy and harness.

I can still see, in my fancy, the procession of Indians, single file as usual, as they passed our little depot twice a day, en route to and from their wickiups.

It occurred that one old Indian, who was dilatory in selling a portion of his homestead, arrived in town to find that all the buggies had been bought up, and there was not one left for him to invest in.

"Big Smudge" was deeply chagrined. He had the cash and he knew if he did not make a purchase of a coveted buggy the money would be gone ere another installment would reach Havre.

As he was making his way up the street he espied an undertaker's vehicle, glass-cased and well upholstered.

He quickly made up his mind that he had found what his

heart desired, and here was something which would throw his entire tribe into the background.

Money is no object when an Indian finds what he wants, and \$50 cuts no figure in a horse trade with them. In a few minutes the deal was made and "Big Smudge" piled his squaw and pap-pooses, with their dogs, inside of the hearse, slammed the door,



B. S. JONES

then took his seat in front, wrapped up in his blanket.

It was a comical sight and elicited a merry laugh from all who witnessed the strange spectacle.

This story continues to be told around the depot fireside in the Havre station, although the hearse, which was driven home so happily by "Big Smudge," later on conducted him to his own last happy hunting grounds.

HANDLING THE FORCE

BY THOMAS M. RAGEN

HANDLING the force in a large telegraph office like New York Western Union requires a strong hand, and few men are gifted by Nature with the proper temperament to handle such a large force.

In John Morison, familiarly known the country over as

"Jack," we find a man with the wonderful temperament that just fills the requirements of this position. As a telegraph operator he has always been considered one of the best in the land, so that his judgment of a telegrapher's ability is good.

Then again, Nature in bestowing on him such a lovable disposition, has given him that great power of persuasion wherein kindness conquers. That magnetic smile is ever in evidence, and everybody who has any dealings with him knows that behind that smile is a manly man, ever handing out a square deal.



THOMAS M. RAGEN

When the elements tear loose, whether it be on the Atlantic or Pacific coast, or out on the broad Plains of the great West, New York very often becomes the receptacle of the country's business, because New York, as the head of the vast wire system, is usually in a position to dispose of it. Then it is often necessary to call on the large force of New York office to do some extra duty, and it is here that we find the great Field Marshal, Jack Morison, at his best. It is then that the magnetic smile gathers together that mighty force, and every operator is placed where he best belongs, because the Chief of Force knows everyone's ability.

At 5:30 p. m. comes that great Roman, Clay Danforth, familiarly known as "Dan," who handles the night force. Big in stature and broad in his dealings, few men are more skilled in the handling of a large force. As the nerve center of the country, New York is very sensitive from a telegraph standpoint,

especially as regards press matter. Should anything big "break," calls for men would immediately begin to pour in from the many newspapers and news bureaus of the city.

It is here the masterly hand of Danforth becomes manifest. From out of the big night force he will pick the right men and



B. E. SUNNY

hurry them to their destination. Out of the several hundred telegraphers he will pick the men who understand press work. All the while that he is supplying the newspapers and press bureaus with men that he usually takes off fast commercial wires, he adroitly shifts his force so that all wires are properly covered.

Two wonderful strategists in this great industrial army.

Chicago

1886

Wm Wallace Jr
 J. P. Cook
 Harry Thompson
 Jno W Perry
 Ben Mahon

E. E. Eadnart
 J. R. Ford
 J. J. Byrne
 B. M. O'Donnell

John E Mann
 A. Dent
 W. J. McFarlane
 W. H. Miles
 W. Hill

J. Cahill
 L. H. Hawer
 J. J. O'Brien
 J. R. Holley

A. B. Gunn

Ad Wood
 Thos P Lloyd

A. Harris
 Bert D. Kendall
 Jm Winder
 H. L. Bogges

J. M. Roberts
 W. R. Batchelder
 S. B. Derruckson
 W. W. Bowers
 E. J. Anderson
 Dooner

W. Valentine
 Jas J. Keating
 Phil Asperburt
 C. Everham
 G. S. Palmer
 J. H. Paddock
 E. M.
 W. H. Hopkins
 A. J. Murtha
 Wm Alcom

SECTION VI

STORIES OF THE FAR OFF PACIFIC
NORTHWEST

BY JEFF W. HAYES

A MOTHER'S LOVE

AS the delighted traveler journeying southward over the Shasta route is drinking in the beautiful panorama spread before him at each succeeding mile-post, he is ready to exclaim that God is good even to sinners.

The unsurpassable loveliness of the Willamette valley, the Calapooie range and the incomparable Rogue river valley have separate and distinct attractions for the tourist.

But the Southern Pacific, on its road, has a picture more beautiful to the sense than all of its diversified scenery. It is a scene known to but few of the officials and not advertised on its time tables, yet once seen is never to be forgotten.

I had the pleasure recently of witnessing this picture as I came south on the Roseburg express with Conductor Elhaman Veatch.

It was a simple picture, and the only actors were a white-haired old gentleman, a dear little old lady and the stalwart Elhaman.

Love lighted up the faces of the elderly couple as they embraced their baby boy, now 44 years old. It would be but a commonplace, everyday scene, were it not for the fact that this same little mother has for the last 38 years never missed a day coming to the train to see her sons as they came through.

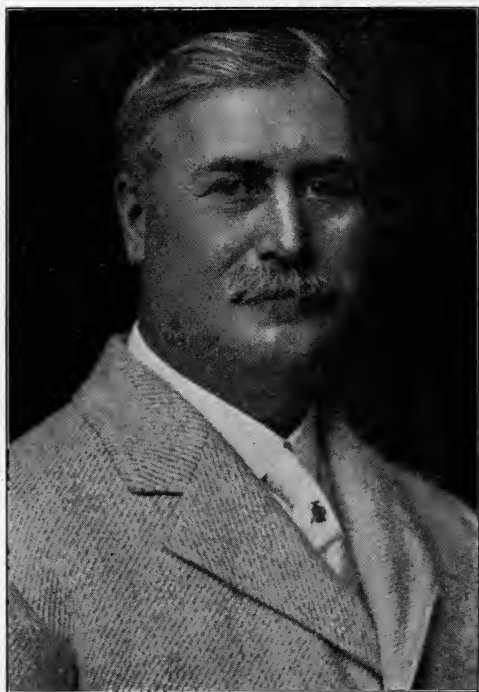
"Aunt Jane," as this lady is known far and near in her county, began these pilgrimages when her oldest boy, Sam, was 19 years old. This was away back in 1875, and rain, snow or sunshine, the faithful mother was on hand as her boy came along on his train. She brought along with her all the goodies which a loving mother could think of to please her boys, and these same young men watched for her with equally keen interest.

"Aunt Jane" lived for several years two miles from the

depot, but even that distance did not deter her daily visits, which often took her long into the night.

It is estimated that she has walked over 30,000 miles, or more than clear around the earth at its widest part, and with a margin to go on, in making these daily trips.

"I'm 83 years old and my husband is 85. I crossed the plains in 1852," said the old lady to me. "I have never looked at my



GEO. M. MYERS

visits to the train to be anything but a great pleasure. I love to see my boys, and what mother would not travel two miles and back to greet such fine boys as I have," and she smiled proudly.

Is it a wonder, then, that even the scenery on the Shasta grows blasé when one witnesses a picture of such motherly love and devotion? Those boys will never wander far from the paths of rectitude.

ENTERPRISE IN EMERGENCY

IT was in the year 1902 that Col. R. C. Clowry, vice president and general superintendent for the Western Union Telegraph Company at Chicago, accompanied by his secretary, Frank J. Scherer, and two young lady relatives, made a trip to the Pacific Coast, coming around by the southern line and intending to return over the O. W. R. & N., Oregon Short Line and Union Pacific.

These peregrinations occurred about once a year and were hailed with much expectancy by superintendent, manager and chief operator of his company, for there was generally something doing on these occasions.

Arriving at San Francisco, Mr. Frank Jaynes, superintendent, detailed Lewis McKissick to accompany the Colonel and party to Portland and thence over the O. W. R. & N. and Short Line to Ogden.

Mr. McKissick dressed for the occasion in a full dress suit, the Colonel and his secretary being likewise faultlessly attired.

Upon reaching Portland the party was greeted by Mr. J. P. O'Brien, general manager for the O. W. R. & N., who intended taking the visitors over the road in his private car, but learning that the car "Electric," Colonel Clowry's private car, was conveying the party, and having urgent business elsewhere, detailed Edward A. Klippel, assistant general manager and superintendent of telegraph of the system, to act as host in his stead.

Mr. Klippel did not have time to don his claw-hammer, but traveled in a new suit of blue serge.

Gaily the half dozen travelers sped on their way along the banks of the mighty Columbia river, whose grandeur is unsurpassed in this, or in any other country.

Rooster Rock, well named, was viewed with much interest; Bridal Veil Falls, Multnomah Falls, delighted the eyes of the visitors, and Cascade Locks, with its many wonderments and historic legends, came in for its share of attention.

All was gaiety and harmony aboard the "Electric," Messrs. Klippel and McKissick regaling the little party with stories appropriate to the surroundings and country they were traversing.

Celilo was reached and passed, dinner was being served, and the hungry six sat down to eat.

The table was spread with delicious viands, and jokes were being cracked when, suddenly and without warning, like lightning from a clear sky, came, biff-bing-boom-fizz-bang. The "Electric" jumped a foot into the air and stopped with a very violent jerk.

Mr. McKissick was thrown over the dining table, the mulligatawney soup trying to effect an escape down his trouser pockets after frescoing his faultless shirt bosom.

The Colonel was beautifully decorated in orange and white from some poached eggs he had ordered; Frank Scherer and Mr. Klippel remaining unscathed, but badly shaken up. The ladies were uninjured.

A general shows his colors in action and, true to this instinct, McKissick seized a napkin, wiped the soup out of his eyes and hair, and led the way out of the car.

It was immediately ascertained that a huge boulder had fallen from a mountain at a sharp curve in the road, and, the engineel not seeing it in time, ran into it at full speed, demolishing the engine and killing the engineer, poor fellow. Several of the cars were also badly wrecked and some of the passengers were more or less injured.

"Let's get the news of the accident to the dispatcher," cried McKissick, and acting under the instructions of Mr. Klippel, the athletic McKissick shinned up the pole in approved style, where he quickly landed on a cross arm. No. 2, the dispatcher's wire, was pointed out to him by Superintendent Klippel and connection by means of a pocket relay was soon made.

"No. 26 ran into an obstruction and is off the track five miles east of Celilo," telegraphed the superintendent.

"Can't stand your work. No. 26 just reported leaving Celilo ten minutes ago, and it is simply impossible to get such news so quickly," came from the dispatcher.

Mr. Klippel informed the dispatcher as to his identity, which settled the matter with that functionary, and the wrecking train was ordered out.

So effectively was the work done that an hour later the party were again speeding eastward, but little the worse for their experience.

"It is the first time in my experience that I ever saw a man climb a pole in a full dress suit," said Colonel Clowry, "and he did it, too, like a veteran."

Dress suits, however, with egg and mulligatawney adornments, are not customary in polite society, but as it was all he had with him McKissick manfully received all the fun poked at him very gracefully.

Mr. Klippel left his guests at Huntington, believing he had furnished them with an experience not down on the program of entertainment, and one which they would not soon forget.

Mr. McKissick continued with the "Electric" till its arrival at Ogden, where he took the westbound train for San Francisco, happy in the thought of soon being able to shed his soiled glad rags. Mr. E. A. Klippel now has in his possession a pocket relay presented to him by Colonel Clowry, beautifully engraved, to commemorate their lucky escape from a very dangerous predicament.

KITTIE FINN

PETER FINN was a quarryman away out there in the Far West.

Finn was an illiterate fellow, ignorant and superstitious, but possessed of a talent all his own along the line of his business.

He was the father of a large family and his wife was a woman possessing much better breeding and culture than was allotted her spouse.

Down the river, 30 miles away, was the stone quarry where Peter Finn shone as foreman and where he spent ten months every year, the other two months he would pass with his family in the metropolis.

The quarrymen paid their employes every three months and with the wages so received Finn would lay his plans for the coming two weeks.

"I hev before me \$300, and now, thin, let's see what we will do wid it. There's \$200 to go to the ould woman, \$50 to pay on me lots and \$50 for me drunk."

Thus deliberately did Finn plan for the comfort of his large family, his real estate speculation and finally his own glorious spree. When a friend remonstrated about holding out so much money for a jamboree, Finn artlessly exclaimed, "Why, yees



OPAL ELLIOTT



GEO. A. CURTIS



W. F. SCHWANDT



W. O. ASHBY

wudn't want to deprive a poor fellow of a bit o' a spree, wud yeesh?"

Oftimes during these sprees, Finn would come home in the dead of the night, rouse up the family, young and old, driving them all from the house, the mother with a babe at her breast, the whole brood taking shelter at some hospitable neighbor's.

Next day Finn, contrite and humble, would return to his labors at the quarry, only to re-enact a similar proceeding three months later.

And time went on. The children grew up, and, under their mother's care, grew to manhood and womanhood, good children. Finn died in one of his periodical sprees, demonstrating that the "ruling passion is strongest in death."

When Kittie Finn was 15 years old she went to service as a domestic in the home of John Green, the manager of the telegraph office of the metropolis.

Kittie had acquired a common school education. She was quiet, even to taciturnity, and her immobile face indicated no expression of what was going on in her mentality. She never smiled; indeed, her face apparently could not break into a smile. No matter what happened, her countenance remained as immovable as a Sphinx, never giving out, in the least, any evidence of her feelings. But, in her eyes gleamed a light, a strange, lurid light, which seemed to take in everything. Such eyes! They would light up a dark room, so phosphorescent were they and so full of deep feeling. Kittie's eyes were the sole index to her character, and a careful observer could read a high degree of intelligence, coupled with an ever-present look of fear, probably the result of the terror engendered by her father's riotousness.

The Green family lived some five miles in the country, and there being no car line, a horse and buggy was used as a means of transportation to and from the office.

"I say, Kittie," said Green one morning to the domestic, "if you will rustle up my horse and buggy for me in the morning, I will teach you to telegraph."

That same strange light came to Kittie's eyes, but the face was as impassive as a Sioux Indian at the stake.

"You will?" she asked.

"I will," was the reply.

The following morning found Rodney champing at his bit under the cherry tree. Half an hour later Green was ready to be off.

A learner's set, complete, was brought home and presented to the girl that evening. Instructions how to make the alphabet were given, but Green did not think very seriously about the ability or application of the young domestic.

As the sun was rising over the mountain peak, John Green was awakened by the click of a telegraph instrument.

The letter "a" was heard, at first rather imperfectly, but gradually, through persistent effort, growing to perfection. The letter "b" was next and was treated in the same way.

Then followed the letters "c," "d," "e," up to the end.

Of course, there was the usual balk on the letter "j," but after gracefully accomplishing that letter, more confidence seemed to be manifested, and when the final rehearsal came, Kittie Finn could make the alphabet on the Morse key.

Without exhibiting the least emotion, the girl told Green that she could now make the entire alphabet, and she was assured that she was getting along well.

Each day Kittie devoted all of her spare time to the study of the new art, for she realized that to master it meant a change of condition to her.

Two months later, the Green family decided to give up their summer home and move into the metropolis, Kittie being given employment as check girl in the telegraph office.

Four months later the girl was assigned to a position in the leading hotel of the city at a good salary.

Her ambition was great and presently she took up the study of short-hand, which she entered into with the same untiring spirit exhibited in acquiring her knowledge of the telegraph. Six months later the title of "Public Stenographer" was added to Kittie's growing duties. She was now boarding at the big hotel and her clothes were of a texture and cut to harmonize with her surroundings. But never did that countenance show any feeling of exultation or even satisfaction, but the look out of the eyes grew more and more intense.

While Kittie lived with the Green family in the country she used to spend much time in the fields, listening to the robins, meadow larks and yellowhammers, all of whom she could imitate perfectly. Indeed this accomplishment was wonderful.

A year had passed by and Kittie Finn determined to study music. She believed that she had a voice which could be brought out and something made of it. Accordingly, she placed herself under the tuition of a competent teacher, who labored hard to assist her.

One day, a great prima donna came to the metropolis and Kittie Finn asked John Green to interview the great singer with a view to have her listen and pass on the merits of the young operator's voice.

The prima donna had once been a struggling artist herself and readily granted the request, listened to Kittie's singing, went into ecstasies over her voice and recommended that it be cultivated by the best of foreign masters.

A few months later, Kittie Finn started for New York, where a position as operator in a broker's office on Wall street awaited her.

Her letters of introduction procured her a position as soloist in one of the big churches in Gotham.

A year later a position in a leading conservatory of music in the South was offered her, but was declined, for Kittie had determined to go abroad and take instructions at the fountain head.

For four years the young lady studied hard and incessantly. Her voice was of a volume and timbre seldom heard. She sang just like a bird and her high notes were as clear and melodious as a flute. Her face never took on the condition of her mind, but remained immovable, immobile, Sphinx-like. The eyes, however, seemed to beam with added intelligence and soul light.

After four years of study Kittie made her debut in Paris, and that city went wild over her. She was lauded as the "great American singer." She had made a hit in the French metropolis surely. London, too, received her with open arms and everywhere on the continent she was courted and applauded.

"Now, then, to New York," thought Kittie, and a few months found her landed again on American soil.

New York was lukewarm; the name "Kittie Finn" did not sound good to the effete concert patron who had grown blasé with too much of a good thing. Kittie Finn found no welcome in her own country, and sore and disappointed she started for the Far West to visit her relatives.

Her townspeople had heard of her foreign successes and a

concert was tendered the singer. Much preparation was made for the affair, but, alas, "a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country," came true in this instance again, and the



FRANK JAYNES

concert fell flat, a great disappointment alike to both singer and friends.

"Goodby, I'm off for Europe," uttered Kittie Finn to her friends, and the next Cunard steamer took her across the Atlantic.

Things had changed, new faces had come, new voices had been heard and the gay and fickle Paris had lost all recollection of Mademoiselle Katherine Finn. And so it was in London and elsewhere on the Continent.

"Well, thank God, I can still telegraph," cried Kittie, and

straightway she returned to New York, where she found her old position on Wall street ready for her.

Terence Crawford was a plumber by trade. He had seen Kittie Finn in her heyday of success, prior to her departure for Europe. He had loved her all these years, but had considered his a hopeless case.

Acquaintance was renewed between the twain, which developed seven months later into an engagement and now Made-moiselle Katherine Finn is the wife of Terence Crawford.

This latter event occurred six years ago and in a recent visit to America's greatest city John Green met Mr. and Mrs. Terence Crawford and their little family of three children.

The above story is true to life and will indicate that pluck and determination will win. It might also occur to our gentle readers that Terence Crawford, plumber and gas-fitter, was even a mightier man than Signor Caperillo, the great Italian maestro.

AN UNIQUE ORDER

DURING the construction of the Northern Pacific Railroad in 1881 much confusion existed and grafting was the order of the day, and it would seem that all conditions of employes were more or less involved in the common steal.

The outgoing trains from Portland would carry an assortment of employes sent East to replace the offending servants discharged for the usual cause. There were conductors, engineers, brakemen, operators, agents and section men in the deal, and the superintendent, H. W. Fairweather, was frantic.

Henry Thielsen, then assistant chief engineer of the road, settled the complex question in his own way by sending the following terse telegram, which for brevity and point has never been surpassed:

"To H. W. Fairweather,

"Sand Point, Idaho:

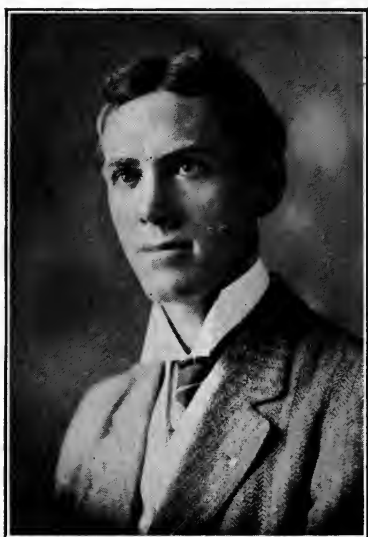
"Discharge no more employes; reduce stealing to a minimum.

"(Signed): H. THIELSEN."

AN ANIMATED SANDWICH

JAY O. McCONIFF was an operator of the old school. He was a man who had been carefully brought up and always showed his good breeding, even in his most riotous moments.

Young McConiff drifted out west at an early date in his career, finding ready employment at every office he applied to.



D. F. INGOLD



MRS. D. F. INGOLD
AND DAUGHTER GLADYS

He was of a jovial nature and a lively and interesting companion, made a beautiful pen copy, and could telegraph with the best of them.

A friend from Canada blew into the town one day and this was considered sufficient excuse to celebrate by getting on a glorious jamboree.

Several days passed by, and late one evening, "Jo-jo" as the boys delighted to call him showed up at the manager's office.

"I don't deserve it," he began, "but if you can loan me 'sx' one," which means in telegraphic parlance \$1, "I'll be very grateful to you."

"Here's the mazuma," replied the manager, "and, say Jo-jo, you must be hungry, too, aren't you?"



"Yes I am very hungry," cried the repentant Jo-jo.

A whispered colloquy ensued between the manager and his chief, and the latter went out, returning shortly after with two large slices of bread, nicely buttered and covered with mustard.



THOS. S. BRICKHOUSE

It had been raining in Oregon and outside in a little gutter of water several bull frogs and toads were skylarking in the embryo pond.

Deftly picking up two small frogs and a toad they were quickly inserted between the two slices of bread and brought in to be given to Jo-jo.

McConniff's eyes glistened with anticipation for the sandwich did look good to him.

"How can I ever thank you for your kindness? Here you have given me a dollar and now you are serving me with a very palatable sandwich. I certainly appreciate this courtesy."

"Oh, stow all that, go ahead and eat your sandwich," came from the manager.

Jo-jo's teeth met in the corner of the sandwich biting off one of little froggie's hindlegs.

A general commotion immediately ensued inside the sand-



ELMER COX

wich and toady and froggies made a leap for their lives, springing into the air three feet to the ground.

Jo-jo witnessed his disappearing sandwich and the wriggling frogs and toads, and with a wild whoop, he cried out, "I have got them sure." He also disappeared, but he was a sober and industrious man for months afterwards.

LOYALTY

HABITS become second nature, and customs, once formed, become difficult to eradicate.

The Highland Scotchman glories in his kilts and is loath to part with them for more modern raiment.

Some eight or nine years ago, a bright lad applied to man-

ager P. M. Fulton, of the Victoria, B. C., office for a position as messenger. The boy was dressed in the full regalia of a Highland chief, kilts and paint brush, sans, however, the bagpipes.

Manager Fulton looked the lad over, noticing his bright and open countenance and clear, intelligent eye.

"You are all right," said the manager, "but, if you come to work for us you will have to discard the kilts and paint brush and don the company's uniform.

The boy did not seem to like this. He was used to going bare-kneed and the idea of a uniform was suffocating. He went home to consult his father, who returned with him to the office to interview the manager.

"I dinna ken why ye object to the kilts," began the parent, and Mr. Fulton explained that it was not he who objected. The company had established a rule requiring the messengers to wear their uniform and there could be no appeal from it.

The lad accepted the position, doffing the kilts and paint brush and donned the company's regulation costume, which created a metamorphosis in the youth's appearance.

This young man, Pierce McKenzie by name, climbed up rapidly and is now Manager Fulton's able assistant in the Vancouver office.

We had the pleasure of meeting Mr. McKenzie and listened to the above story which recalled to our mind a Scotch story which we were coaxed to relate and which is appended.

It was shortly after the "war" of July, 1883, that the writer was filling a position with a newspaper as reporter.

Donald Dinnie, widely known as the "Scotch giant" had arrived in Oregon to give an exhibition of his prowess and to meet all comers in the athletic ring.

A month later Dinnie went to Salem, the state capital, to give exhibitions at the state fair.

The assignment to the fair was allotted to me and, during the first day there, I met the doughty Scotchman.

He was a grim chap, very stern and forbidding. It became therefore necessary to be a trifle diplomatic in approaching the august person.

Obtaining an introduction, I tendered the big fellow a cigar which he accepted rather graciously and called for a match. An Oregon match is of liberal proportions, with lots

of phosphorus and sulphur, and as the athlete scratched the same on the usual place, he gave a yell like a Comanche Indian and jumped three feet in the air.

When he alighted on terra firma, he fiercely exclaimed "Hoot mon, I dinna ken I had no breeks on."

This remark provoked a general laugh from all who witnessed the occurrence and the story was written up for the Portland paper.

Ten years elapsed and upon a visit to Chicago, I learned that Donald Dinnie was in the Windy City giving exhibitions and determined to visit him and see if he remembered me.

"Remember you, ye divil? Of course I do. How could I ever forget ye? Why it was ye that made me the laughing stock of all Scotland."

And the giant related how my story had been sent to his home town, where it had been printed in his home paper, later being copied by all of the papers in Scotland, and he was ever being joked about it.

Donald Dinnie, at the age of 86, still gives exhibitions of his prowess on his native heath.

"HUNKIE"

IT WAS a diminutive chap that applied to the manager of the Portland office for a position on the messenger force.

"I think, perhaps, it would be a pious idea for you to go home, eat, say, three cows, four pigs, five barrels of flour, five tons of potatoes, and when you have done that, come back and I'll put you on as a messenger," jokingly said the manager.

The boy seemed to realize that he was being joshed, and, straightway began to enumerate his qualifications.

"Yes, I know I'm small, but I have a velocipede, and a white horse and I'll bring 'em both with me, if you'll gimme a job," retorted the boy.

At the mention of "velocipede" and "white horse" the manager changed his tone and immediately eschewed the cows, pigs, etc.

"Well, yes, I think we can use you if you are going to bring along your bone-breaker and your live stock, and you can come

tomorrow and go to work," and the manager chuckled at his new "find."

"That's Hunkie," said the new applicant, and by some strange fate, the boy was known to the messenger force by that name during his seven years with the company.

"Hunkie" was popular with his colleagues from the start, for every day he would ride to the office on his high velocipede, the little white horse following up like a faithful dog.

In a week, all the messengers became adept riders of the high horse, as well as of the white horse, and "Hunkie" was very good-humored in lending out his "go-its" as one boy called them.

This was the first advent of a mounted messenger, and the shrewd manager made the most of it in advertising.

A picture of a mounted messenger on a velocipede and of another mounted on a "milk white steed" graced the pages of the local paper, with the name of the telegraph company, very conspicuously adorning the caps of the messengers.

This idea would not be considered worthy of notice nowadays; but 30 years ago it seemed deserving of editorial mention.

It was wonderful how "Hunkie" grew and thrived. Each month, he seemed to be taller and heavier, and he liked the life of a messenger.

Presently the day of the "Safety" arrived, and an exchange of a velocipede with a white horse accompaniment, was made for a Columbia bicycle, and a new era in the messenger business had arisen.

Four years after "Hunkie" entered the messenger force, at 16, he measured exactly 6 feet, and he weighed 160 pounds.

Good health, good appetite, and a good state of mind had brought about these results, but "Hunkie" dreaded the day to arrive when he would, perforce, be compelled to seek some other vocation.

Already, some alleged jokers would say to him when he responded to a call, "Why, we rang for a messenger, we did not want a policeman," and the heart of "Hunkie" would grow sad.

The climax was reached, and the last straw which broke the camel's back was attained when "Hunkie" at 19 years, 6 feet 7 inches tall, and weighing 220 pounds, received a call one

day from a Nob Hill residence to wheel a 10 months' old baby in a perambulator for an airing.

"Hunkie" in course of his peregrinations, was compelled to pass by a school house, the pupils of which were notably frolicsome.

The jibes and taunts of the motley crowd of school children was too much for "Hunkie," who returned to the office and reluctantly turned in his badge, quitting the company after seven years of faithful service.

It now became a question what to do with "Hunkie."

He was, by far, the biggest man in the city, but although a man in stature, he was but a child in actions, and aspired to nothing higher than to play with boys not much more than one-half his size. It was a singular case.

For several days "Hunkie" haunted the telegraph office ready to assist whenever he could.

"Do you see that horse and wagon over there with a card tied to the horse, reading 'For Sale?' said Jack Hamlin, the manager, to "Hunkie." "Now, you go over there and find out how much they want for them, and perhaps we will buy it and you and I will go into business together."

\$100 it was found would buy the outfit and the sale was speedily accomplished and the horse and wagon took its place in front of the telegraph office.

"Now, then," said Jack Hamlin, "you are big, very, very big, and you must capitalize your size. Everybody knows you, and if you go into business everybody who knows you will patronize you, and many too, will give you their patronage who are not acquainted with you, for you look good to them."

"Now, here is the proposition: I will stake you to this horse and wagon, buy you \$25 worth of assorted fruit at the wholesaler's, and you will go out and sell the fruit, and we will divvy the proceeds. But, remember, you must never put up your horse and wagon till everything is sold."

As this arrangement would bring "Hunkie" prominently before the public, which was distasteful to him in the extreme, the young giant did not think much of it, but he realized that something had to be done.

A visit to the produce house resulted in obtaining some good bargains, Jack Hamlin giving the selling price, which, if

Chicago

1886

Geo. W. Huddleston			L. B. Lewis
M. H. Cartwright			F. A. Kent
S. L. Welp			Geo. H. Lee
W. J. Jacobs			L. W. Dixon
John McCabe			M. Baker
Wm. Donohoe			W. E. Toggiani
Crawford			D. Spencer
D. O'Brien			J. R. Hayden
T. J. Benson			J. L. West
A. M. Kent			J. C. Morle
J. L. Fishback			H. L. Watson
L. Lowenthal			b. O. Andrews
C. E. Chambers			C. B. Obermeyer
R. L. Warren			W. C. Ashenfelter
H. J. Ross			C. P. McCutcheon
A. B. White			D. W. Kearney
Geo. W. Floyd			J. B. Adall
A. E. Vace			E. H. Smith
			M. J. Karanagh
			J. E. Dayhoff

M. W. Wood			H. A. Hagen
E. Sherwood			A. A. Jones
Case			
Stephens			
Ball			
McDermore			
Charles E.			

all sold, would double the amount of the investment, and "Hunkie" started out on his new business enterprise.

There was, once upon a time; a lady, who was reduced from affluence to poverty, and all that she had left in the world was a donkey, go-cart and a quantity of potatoes, and these she was supposed to hawk in the streets.

She was very proud, and she made up her mind that she would begin her business in the outskirts of her city.

Reaching a sequestered spot, the lady ejaculated in a very weak tone. "Potatoes, potatoes, potatoes," and then quickly exclaimed, "Oh, my! I wonder if anyone heard me?"

This was about the same kind of style that "Hunkie" began his new business career, but later in the day he had loaded the wagon with messengers, ex-messengers, all of whom were ready boosters for the new merchant.

Midnight arrived, and tired and hoarse, "Hunkie" retired for the night, showing up bright and early next morning.

"Hello, partner, how did you make out yesterday?" was Jack Hamlin's salutation to "Hunkie."

"Well, I got a lot of money, but I don't know how much I have got," replied the partner.

"Well, we will count it and see," retorted Hamlin, who proceeded to count the money dumped before him.

"Well, I'll be jiggered if there isn't \$52.50. You have done well, and here's \$13.75 for you and \$13.75 for me, and \$25 to go back into the business to buy new stock."

Thirteen dollars and seventy-five cents looked like a good day's work for "Hunkie" and another visit to the produce market ensued and a similar day of hawking by "Hunkie" took place.

"Hunkie" was already getting to be known as one of the characters of the city and pictures of him with sundry messengers aboard the wagon appeared in the daily papers, all of which was water on his business wheels.

For three weeks, "Hunkie" continued at his vocation, seldom bringing in less than \$50 to represent his day's work.

He had now amassed about \$200 as his share of the profits in the partnership, and he seemed to think he had found the calling of his life, but you can never tell.

"I say, Mr. Hamlin," said "Hunkie" one day, "my mother says she thinks I am a fool to have a partner who doesn't do anything, and I do all the work and have to give up one-half the profits."

"I don't know but what your mother is right," replied Hamlin, "and I won't insist on this partnership arrangement. Just pay for the rig and "go to it."

A transfer was made and "Hunkie's" voice was heard at his usual rounds, but somehow he grew slack in his business methods. He did not get around as early in the morning, neither did he remain out as late. His fruit was not as carefully selected and there was a diminishing enthusiasm observable, and just 15 days later "Hunkie" sold the rig and quit the business.

He was all right when he worked for others, but it was so different when he labored for himself, which, alas, is the experience of better boys than "Hunkie."

Years passed by. "Hunkie," never known by any other name, grew to manhood. His great height and weight was a detriment instead of a blessing to him.

He became a 'longshoreman, finally, and his prodigious strength served him in this field of labor.

Later on the Klondike excitement occurred and "Hunkie" was one of the first to brave the rigors and privations of the frozen north in quest of gold.

He found it, and in abundance, and it was away up in the Arctic circle that his splendid physique was at last recognized as his greatest blessing, bringing with it abundance of the coveted treasures of Alaska.

"Hunkie" is now living on his fine ranch in Sonoma county, California, surrounded with all the comforts of life, but he will travel 100 miles to talk with somebody who knew him when he was No. 23 on the messenger force.

"I"

IT is the shortest word in the English language, but oh, how sadly abused!

The selfish, the arrogant, the dominating spirit use the little word in vain.

It is not a pleasant word to hear too often, and it surely grates on one's ears.

The proud man uses it too frequently, and here it sometimes occurs that pride comes before a fall.

There is a little parable extant, which illustrates the fallacy of using the word "I" inadvisedly.

Once upon a time, two geese inhabited a pond remote from civilization. They had occupied this lake for several seasons, and had made the acquaintance of a Johnny bullfrog, who also was a denizen of the lake.

A quaint friendship arose between this little animal and the geese, and the three were inseparable companions.

Food was growing a little scarce at the pond for the geese, and, one night, the frog overheard the geese say that they must move their habitation to some more promising place.

"What will become of me when you leave?" exclaimed the frog, in much sorrow. "I'll be very lonesome and life won't be worth the living. Can't you take me with you when you go away?"

The geese talked it over between themselves, but could not figure out how they could ever get their friend, the bullfrog, to their new habitat, some 20 miles distant.

"We can't carry you in our bills, and you'd slip off our backs, and we cannot see any other way out of it than to come and visit you occasionally."

The bullfrog was inconsolable, but he was a smart frog, and he put his thinking cap on.

He greeted the geese next morning with a broad grin; he had solved the problem.

"Here it is, my friends: You see this reed; well, each of you catch hold at either end and leave a space of six inches for me in the middle. While you are flying up in the sky, I will be holding on to the stick with my mouth, and that's all there is to it."

The geese complimented the frog on his sagacity and straightway proceeded to demonstrate the idea, which proved to be a great success.

The next morning, at an early hour, the trio started out on their journey. Away up in the sky they went, over hill and valley, mountain and vale.

Presently they reached a little village over which they flew, high in the air.

Chicago

1886

R C Clowry		Kissinger
W H Lloyd		M J Mereness
E Dorval	F. Bliff	Geo D Thomson
C H Kelly	U W. Bogges	L C Springer
J S Robinson		Geo N Wallis
W R. Halligan	W Hammond	J. H. Thompson
L K W. Pritchard		S L Robinson
Al Drake	Maukies	arr. Reader
J. J. Sturley		J M P. Robie
C. Jones		A. N. Nore
S. J. Anderson		W. C. Frost
Jos. M. King		F. H. Tabor
W. R. Lee		J. N. Feltar
A. E. C.		W J. Sanderson
S. H. Howard		C. H. Thompson
J. M. Kemp		C. L. Nash
W. Chapman		Helen Hurst
S. C. Mason		A. L. Murphy

J. Seidewitz

C. J. Thompson

Two farmers were out on the field, when their attention was attracted by the novel sight.

"Would you look at that?" said one of the farmers. "Ain't it a queer sight! It certainly shows the cunning of the birds to accomplish a feat like this, and I am wondering who it was that thought of such a scheme?"

"I!" exclaimed the frog, and down he came kerchunk.

Moral—Let others blow your horn; it is bad form for you to do it.

"AFTER LIFE'S FITFUL FEVER"

"**S**TAG his nibs?" queried Fred B. Moxon, with a quick jerk of his thumb in the direction of the door, near which sat a newly arrived stranger.

This homely piece of slang was addressed to me. It was an expression much in use in the '70's and meant as much as "Who is your friend over there?" or "Who is he, anyway?"

The stranger was a youthful looking man, prematurely bald, and bearing evidence of dissipation.

"Operator?" asked Moxon, addressing the newcomer.

"Yes," was the laconic reply.

"Star?" continued the questioner.

"Better'n that," came the response.

"Name?" persisted Mox.

"M-i-l-l-a-r," spelled out the stranger, perceptibly emphasizing the letter "a."

"Hungry?" continued the inquisitor.

"Yes, hungry nuf to eat a slice out of a raw dog," was the somewhat fierce reply.

"Thirst, too?" ventured Moxon, but quickly added, "there is lots of nice juicy Mississippi water over there in the faucet."

After undergoing a few more interrogatories, Millar was invited to partake of our midnight banquet at Sprague & Butler's, where "ham and" were the chief delicacies.

Millar certainly proved that he was hungry, but the inner man being appeased he was a trifle more sociable.

It was plain to be seen that he had a big load of self-pity on board when he began telling that he was born on Friday and

also on the 13th of the month and that he was the most unlucky fellow on earth. Everything always went wrong with him and he was persecuted by chief operator and manager alike.

"There's nothing wrong with you at all, then?" was the next question propounded by Moxom, and this rather staggered Millar.

"I try to do the best I can, but my star is an unlucky one and there seems to be no use in bucking against it," was the reply.

There was an extra bed down at the Olive Street Hotel, our hostelry, which was generally occupied by Bob Irwin, then known all over the country as "Canada's fastest man," and this was assigned to Millar as a temporary abiding place.

We interviewed Chief Operator Cummings the following day in Millar's behalf, but that functionary was unmoved by our pleadings and the "unlucky" stranger was forced to accept a temporary position with a railroad company.

It was ascertained that a love for liquor was Millar's chief drawback, and to that fact, and not to the innocent stars could be attributed his much vaunted "ill luck."

Charlie Hammond was manager for the Atlantic & Pacific Telegraph Company, a most generous and competent person, and yielding to our importunities, Millar was given employment in his office.

George E. Millar, notwithstanding his frailties, was a man of much promise and character. He possessed a fine personality and was endowed with qualifications to render him popular with the masses.

He resolved to quit drinking, and, in company with Hank Cowan, another well-known fighter of red liquor joined the Order of Good Templars.

A few months of strict sobriety worked wonders for both men, but alas! one unfortunate day Hank Cowan met some old cronies, who did not like the way he was acting and enticed him to take a drink, which settled him. Millar protested with his whilom friend, but the latter said that it was "really too hard to be good," and Cowan repaired to Chicago.

Time passed on and changes were made. On account of events over which we had no control, Fred B. Moxon went South, where he died a martyr the following year. I went to Omaha, Millar, too, coming West a few months later.

When he passed through Omaha on his way to the far-off Nevada, George E. Millar was as fine a specimen of manhood as could be found.

As he dropped drink, he also forgot all about his unlucky star and the rest of that foolishness. He was now out seeking his fortune, believing the fickle goddess could be wooed and won more effectually in a sparsely settled community. He was deeply in earnest, and, knowing his ability, only the best of good things were expected of him.

A year or so later found Millar in the city of San Francisco, where he had secured employment as traveling salesman for a large importing china and glassware establishment.

For twenty years George E. Millar continued in the employ of this firm as traveling salesman, and no knight of the grip was as well known on the Pacific Coast as he. Always courted and fêted, he made money for his house and reputation for himself.

The influence for riotousness was strong in California and Arizona, and Millar, not strong enough in his own power, yielded to the seductive voice of the tempter and fell from grace. So great was his popularity and so much did his firm think of him that again and again were his peccadilloes overlooked, only to find the unfortunate man more perverse than ever.

The end finally came and Millar was discharged, and, as is generally the result, in such cases, he quit penniless and abandoned by his former friends and associates.

In his distress, his mind went back to the friend of his youth, and one day a telegram was handed me to meet him at the steamer dock on its arrival, the said steamer bearing Millar, who was coming north to try his fortune again.

He was surely a much changed man. Again was he down on his luck, attributing his misfortune to his unlucky star and the unlucky day of the week and month in which he was born. He was again carrying a great load of self pity, and would assert that he was all right, that there was nothing the matter with him, but the other fellow was entirely the one at fault.

Employment was secured for him, but to no avail, his money going to buy liquor and giving little attention to his business.

Things grew worse daily. He had gone the rounds of borrowing and his clothes were in tatters. He accepted any offer of employment which would buy him whiskey, and his downfall was swift.

In lucid moments he would work as a messenger in a district messenger office, and he became a familiar figure about the city.

Several insane notions seized the man, but there was method in his madness, which is generally the case in like incidents. He would place himself in the way of a passing car or other vehicle, suffer to be knocked down and trampled upon, and then sue for damages or effect a compromise.

Three times was this attempted, the first instance working satisfactorily, but the third proved fatal.

Covered with bruises and sustaining injuries which deprived him of hearing and sight, Millar was taken to the county hospital in a critical state. Learning of his condition, I went to visit him. The nurse said it was no use visiting him, as he could neither see nor hear and there was no way to communicate with him.

Millar had been a first-class operator, and often during our St. Louis days had we gone to church and to the theatres together and during sermon or entertainment we would grasp hands and telegraph to each other, using the Morse code with the Phillips abbreviations.

Remembering this, I seized the injured man by his hand and ticked off in telegraph alphabet, "Hello, Geo, u kw me?" I was asking if he knew me.

Instantly the reply came back, "Yes, Jef, I know you and am mighty glad to have you here. I want some tobacco and a drink badly."

The tobacco was sent for, and, taking a mighty chew, a fusillade of tobacco juice began, much to the distress of the nurse, who now arrived upon the scene.

I informed him of the situation as regards the tobacco by "telegraphy" and after much pleading induced him to give it up.

Millar was a constant reader of the daily papers, and, notwithstanding his weakened condition, he insisted upon having the daily news read to him.

Now comes the strange part of my story.

Accident bereft me of sight some years ago, and I had to ask my escort to read to me. Millar could neither see nor hear. As regards myself, I could not see, but Millar and I could telegraph. My escort could see and hear, but could not telegraph, so he read the headlines to me and in turn I would transmit

them by human feeling to Millar, who would "wire" back his approval and thanks.

Several days passed by and daily journeys were made to the hospital, where the day's doings were served to Millar in the only way he could receive intelligence, but the patient was growing weaker hourly.

One morning there came a hurry-up call from the hospital. "He's dying!" said the nurse.

Arriving at the hospital, I took Millar's hand as usual in mine and saluted him with "Good morning."

Slowly came the response from the wasted fingers.

"I'm going, Jef, I'm gg home, Sa gd bye to my old friends for me. Gd bye."

There was a rattling in the throat, a deep sigh, and all was over and the spirit of George E. Millar had passed on.

A POST MORTEM NOTE

THERE was an unusually bright and intelligent lot of young fellows employed by the O. R. & N. Company in the early '80's.

They came out from Kansas and Missouri with C. H. Prescott, and they were the chaps who broke the ground, so to speak, for the present generation.

The railroad office was away down on the corner of Front and D Streets, and every room in that large building was occupied.

There was one young man, named George Gamble, who hailed from California, about whom I wish to relate a little story. Gamble was quite an extravagant young man, and his salary of \$100 per was not sufficient to support him, and "Uncle Moses," a money lender, was called upon to help him out. Moses was an accommodating individual, particularly if the regulation 10 per cent commission was forthcoming. And so it was that Gamble paid regularly \$10 a month interest to Moses on a loan of \$100.

This state of affairs went on for several months, when one day Gamble rushed into the money lender's office, apparently in great haste. "Here's my regular note for \$100, properly signed and endorsed. I am in a big hurry, so get busy, give me the

money, so I can beat it back to my desk," was the little speech made by Gamble.

Moses carefully adjusted his spectacles, scrutinized the signature, amount and endorsement, paid over \$90 to his client, advising him not to spend it all in one place.

Thirty days elapsed and George Gamble failed to put in an appearance at the money lender's office, and Uncle Moses repaired to the railroad office to interview the truant client. He had to pass by a long row of smiling clerks, many of whom knew how it was themselves. Up the line he went till he landed in front of Gamble's desk, where the latter sat, placid and imperturbable.

"George Gamble, vy you don't coom over and pay your note due yesterday?" began Moses.

"Come off," cried Gamble. "That note is not due; in fact, it has many years to run."

"Vell, here's the note and it is dated 31 days ago," returned the money lender, slapping the note on the table.

"Read it," remarked the young clerk, and Moses, wiping his glasses and carefully adjusting them to his nose, began reading:

"100.00.

Portland, Ore., July 1, 1882.

"Thirty days after death, I promise to pay Uncle Moses one hundred dollars, etc.

"(Signed) GEORGE GAMBLE."

"There," said the joker, "thirty days after death, and you see I am still here and I hope to be here for many years to come."

Protestations ensued, but Gamble was obdurate, and Moses went away disconsolately.

The costly joke had the moral effect of breaking up the Shylock system.

To his credit, be it said, that Gamble later on fell heir to a fortune and the first thing he did was to settle up in full with Uncle Moses, the money lender.

AN HOUR WITH AN OLD TIMER

THERE is not a finer man in the telegraph business today, or any other day, than J. M. Maddox, superintendent of the American District Telegraph, with headquarters at San Francisco.

Milwaukee

WIS.

1886

E. M. Shaw	M. A. Farley
A. Weller	Jos T. Ramsey
W. R. Barker	J. H. Crotty
W. H. Mohr	A. G. Grange
J. J. Moore	G. A. Hamilton
E. Simpson	A. W. Prestwood
U. J. Dry	Thos F. Ramsey
A. J. Clark	J. J. McGlendon
J. D. Rowe	Peter McGee
M. P. Addia	W. Meher
Wm Grange	H. J. Ramsey
Chas Ward	Jos J. Cooke
J. H. Fleming	A. J. Nicolson

We visited Mr. Maddox for an hour recently and, of course, we fell to relating our experiences in the old St. Louis office.

"Do you remember Top?" he asked. "Of course you do. He was an oddity and had his day. A. E. Vantyne is still wire man in St. Louis. I wonder if he plays as much billiards as he used to do? Van was a good fellow. Then there is Bill Manley, not quite as stout or rugged as when you knew him, but hale and hearty. Joe McIlvane is still working at the key and possesses a fine tenor voice, which he puts to good use. Paul Murphy is still working in 'A' office, but Mike Tully has been pensioned and is on the retired list. Poor old Mike, he used to tell me of the pranks you used to play on him away back there in the Centennial year. Belle Wise? Oh, yes, I remember when she was the only lady operator in St. Louis. She, too, is on the retired list. Rudolph Bohle, well, my story is about him, and here it is:

"Some years ago, we were going to open up a new branch office and Rudolph came with me to help find a location. We were out, I think, about No. 231 Twenty-first street, when, all of a sudden, Bohle stopped and, pointing his finger at a building hard by, ejaculated, "There, I think, is where the first 'A. M.' office was located, and that was in 1867, and if I am not mistaken Mollie Hunt was the operator."

Now, you know that in every office there is the "office idol," and Mollie Hunt was the idol of St. Louis and at that time was not more than 19 years old, but this would make her appear to be more than fifty.

Of course, I could not afford to let her rest without having some fun, so I invited Bohle and Mollie to lunch the next day.

During lunch, the conversation turned upon the old "A. M." office, and I told her that Rudolph asserted that she was the first operator and that the period was A. D. 1867, which would naturally enough make her out as having passed the half century mark.

Know Frank Steel? Well, rather; do you remember the telegram he sent Jay Gould one Christmas day? Frank was in Deming, New Mexico, and I was in St. Louis, and it was I who copied the message as Steel sent it. The message was sent "collect" and ran as follows:

"Silver City, New Mexico,
via Deming, New Mexico, December 25, 1883.

"To Jay Gould, New York:

"Christmas gifts and greetings, by gum.

"(Signed): FRANK STEEL, Operator."

A few hours later a service message came back, reading as follows:

"To Silver City, N. M., via Deming, N. M.:

"Collect there yours today, Gould, signed Steel, payment refused.

(Signed): NEW YORK OFFICE."

I could talk St. Louis to you all day, but I am due at the train in thirty minutes, and will have to "beat it."

It was a very pleasantly spent hour. Come again.

HE NEVER CAME BACK

WHILE the writer was on a long journey recently he was often entertained by his old friends at their commercial clubs or other hospitable resorts, and an evening of genuine enjoyment was always sure to ensue.

At Ashland, Oregon, Frank Routledge, the genial manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company, tendered a smoker, at which were present some thirty telegraph and ex-telegraph men, all glad to get together for an evening.

Story-telling was in order, and as most of the guests present had traveled a good deal in their time, the tales told covered every known topic.

"I'd like to know something about 'Bogy'," exclaimed George Eubanks, an erstwhile telegraph man and now a banker of Ashland. "I have heard so much about 'Bogy's' great ability, but have never heard it corroborated. Can anyone present tell me if it is really so that he could copy fifty words behind, all right?"

"Bogy" was a character whose real name was Henry Bogardus, and he was one of those itinerant operators who are never content to remain in any one place more than a week. He made annual pilgrimages to the Pacific Coast, and in his

peregrinations would become acquainted with most every railroad operator on the roads that he traversed. "Bogy" had a way of convincing these humble knights of the key that he was a most extraordinary operator, which impression assisted him materially in evading the interstate commerce bill.

It was up to the writer to tell a story about "Bogy," as he had seen him later than any of the rest of the assemblage.

About the year 1893, "Bogy" arrived in Portland, and straightway appealed to the telegraph manager for a loan of \$1, which was speedily forthcoming, for nobody could refuse "Bogy."

An hour or so later he repaired to the operating room, where he sat down to the Walla Walla wire, proceeding to get off business on the double quick.

"Who sent for you and what's your name?" queried the chief operator.

"Oh, that's all right, young fellow. I'm 'Bogy,' and I refer you to your manager," and the imperturbable artist proceeded sending to Walla Walla.

The manager informed the chief that "Bogy" was all right, that if he did no good he would do no harm, and to let him continue his work.

"Bogy" labored all day and evening and clear up into the night, only stopping when there was nothing left for him to do.

The soft side of a bench was a tempting bed for this weary traveler, and, as he liked to sleep near the tick of the telegraph instruments, permission was granted him to take the bench into the battery room.

Several days slipped by, "Bogy" working night and day. He certainly enjoyed working; it was a pastime with him.

Saturday came, and with it the usual pay-day, and "Bogy" received his emoluments with the rest of the men.

"I want you on at 6:00 tonight," said the chief operator; "you will take Associated Press news."

"I'll be there when the clock strikes 6 and I'm going to show you something in the line of telegraphing the like of which has never been performed here before," and "Bogy" assumed a very important air.

He was on hand promptly and sat down to the San Francisco wire, where Billy Williamson was displaying his musical

TOLEDO

1886

C. O. Brigham
 A. M. Pearce
 J. O. Church
 C. H. Highswander
 F. G. Currier
 W. C. Stough
 J. J. Mattimore
 W. G. Davis
 L. M. Brigham
 C. B. French
 V. O. Greene
 E. King
 John H. Lehan
 W. S. Hannes
 A. D. Campbell
 J. E. D.

Morse. It was coming very fast, but beautiful as an opera to listen to.

Picking up the manifold sheets, "Bogy" discovered the carbons were not straight and he began to adjust them, San Francisco sending right along.

"I say," began the night chief, "when are you going to start in to copy? You are now 100 words behind."

"Cease from annoying me; I often copy 300 and 400 words behind. Now just wait till I locate my stylus and I'll show you what no other man can do," and "Bogy" began a search for the missing article.

Williamson had now sent two full sheets and the night chief was very nervous, fearing an unlooked for denouement, but "Bogy" was impassive.

The missing stylus was at last found and "he" squared himself for his grand feat, much to the relief of the very much excited night chief. Fully 400 words had now been sent, but "Bogy" looked wise.

"I say, my boy," addressing the night chief, "I'm going out for a few minutes, but let him send just the same. I'll keep it all in my head till I get back, and when I return you will see something in the way of telegraphing that you never dreamed of before."

Saying this "Bogy" went out into the dark and—never returned.

"KNIFIN' DE DOUGH"

IN the earlier days of Oregon the State Fair at Salem was the great event of the Fall's doings, and countryman and merchant alike contributed by their presence to make the Fair a success. It was a week when the old pioneer, who lived in the Grand Ronde Valley, would expect to meet his former neighbors in the East, who, perchance, located in Yamhill County, and, railroads being scarce, old Bob and Florrie would be hitched to the prairie schooner that bore them across the plains years before, to participate in the annual gathering in September at Salem.

More people came from Portland in those days than at present, notwithstanding the increased population.

There were no bridges across the Willamette at Portland, and the ferryboat handled with ease all the travel between the East and West Sides.

Two brothers were the proprietors of one of these ferryboats, and were the husbands and fathers of two families, who indulgently gave over the proceeds of one day's collection to their wives and children to spend as they wished in a day's outing at Salem. Thursday was the day generally selected and every member of both families, excepting the husbands, took the early train for the State Fair.

On one of these occasions, along about 1882, or '83, the members of both families were a little slow in getting started, and Captain Robinson brought the previous day's collection, a good sized canvas bag full of silver and some gold pieces also, to the train, where he handed it to the mothers for distribution among the flock.

"How will we proceed to divide the money," was asked.

"Why, open up the bag and take out a dollar and I'll do the same," which plan was agreed upon.

"Here's four bits for you and here's four bits for me. Now, here's a dollar for you and here's a dollar for me, and here's two bits for you and here's two bits for me." Just then one of the youngsters pulled on his mother's skirt, and down tumbled the coin, necessitating a new division.

The money was put back into the bag and the same system started over again, only to be found impracticable.

Several gold pieces gleamed in the bag, one being a double "sawbuck," as Dixey fantastically described it.

There appeared to be no end to the disputes arising, when Conductor Stroud was appealed to for some of his wisdom in aiding a settlement.

The conductor had a merry twinkle in his eye when he suggested that he would be fair to both sides, but they must agree not to appeal from his method of adjustment, which was readily consented to.

Taking the bag in his hands, Mr. Stroud tied up the opening, then beginning in the middle he worked one half of the coins, as nearly as could be guessed, to each end, which left a space in the middle of the bag, around which he securely tied a string, thus making two compartments of the bag.

"Now, we will toss up a 'slug' and see who has first choice."

This was harmoniously done and producing a huge pocket knife, the bag was cut in two at the point where the string was tied.

"This is what I call 'knifin' de dough'," laughed the jolly conductor.

Each one of the bairns was allowed to slip his or her hand in the bag and take out all it would hold.

"I wish I had a hand like a ham," cried Gordon.

"Yes, and I picked out the double eagle," triumphantly exclaimed Miss Dixie, and all were made happy.

Semi-annual dividends by our street car systems usually bring gladness to the already bloated stockholders, but they never can experience the exquisite joy that these two families had in "knifin' de dough" on their annual pilgrimage to the State Fair.

"PANTSEY" PATTERSON

IT was about a quarter of a century ago that a rather curious individual, known to the fraternity as "Pantsey" Patterson, filled various positions as operator, chief operator and manager in the Middle West.

Patterson received his soubriquet on account of a peculiar fit of his trousers, which seemed to have been cut by a circular saw.

"Pantsey" Patterson had no especial ability to entitle him to the position of chief operator or manager, but on account of his obsequiousness to his superior officials and a certain adroitness in bringing himself to their notice, he had built himself up.

He was past master in the art of blandishment to his superintendent, and so artfully did he flatter that official's vanity, always assuming an air of the greatest sincerity, that it won him many positions to which he was not entitled.

Like many another individual, his true character would uncover itself; he would lose his position and start out again, adopting the same tactics, to secure employment elsewhere.

"Pantsey" was disliked by operators and other employes who could plainly peer through his disguise.

It was after leaving a prominent office in the Middle West that he started for the Far West to again seek his fortune.

On the Pacific Coast he met a young man named Jack Higbee, who secured him a position as manager at one of Southern California's most beautiful towns.

Jack Higbee was manager of the telegraph company in a flourishing coast city. He had unwittingly incurred the displeasure of one of the officials of his company, and realizing that the sword of Damocles was hanging over his head, as it were, determined to enter the service of a competitive company in the same city.

Jack was popular alike with his employes and the business men of the city.

The latter were pleased to give him a boost by turning over their business to his company, one firm in particular, Sticklemeyer Bros., volunteering their entire telegraphing, which amounted to \$1,500 per month.

Six months later the company which he represented were doing the business of the city, while the other company had cut their operating force one-half on account of the falling off of business.

It was at this juncture that Higbee received the following letter from the superintendent:

"I have it that the other company is going to send to your city the best man, they figure, they have on the Coast. His name is Patterson and I tell you this so you can prepare for a vigorous campaign."

"Let him come," quoth Higbee. "We will see."

A week later "Pantsey" Patterson arrived and the first stop he made in the city was at Jack Higbee's office.

"Come out and irrigate," invited Patterson, which was accepted.

Artfully did Patterson play his cards. He complimented Higbee on the size of his force and the amount of business that he imagined the company was doing; he professed fealty and friendship, stoutly maintaining that come what may the twain would always be friends.

After many such protestations and some libations the two men parted to meet again the following day.

"Better watch out for that fellow, Jack," said John Gray. "He will do you up sure."

"Thank you," replied Jack, as he was getting used to this kind of advice from others.

Daily did Patterson visit Higbee at his office and together did they visit a neighboring refectory.

"Forewarned is forearmed" and Jack met with diplomacy the craftiness of his competitor.

"I made \$20.00 today," remarked Patterson, "and I want you



C. H. GAUNT

to come and take a champagne dinner with me tomorrow. Will you do it?"

"Sure, I'll go you," replied Jack.

There was an anxious look in "Pantsey" Patterson's eyes and he seemed to be full of expectancy, as he and Jack Higbee strolled out to the cafe for their afternoon banquet.

Wine flowed freely and seemed to warm the cockles of the

hearts of both men. Stories were told, Patterson striving hard by unctuous flattery to win the confidence of his companion; Jack diplomatically agreeing with his adversary on all questions.

"Now, Jack, I want you to tell me something," began Patterson. "I want to know how it happens that I can get no business from Sticklemeyer Bros. I've been over to see them and I have talked with them all, but I cannot obtain their consent to give me any of their business. Why, even messages you cannot handle are given to you and you turn them over to us. I cannot even get them to allow me to handle those telegrams. How do you get that cinch on them?"

Higbee smiled and stated that he would be divulging an office secret, and another bottle of champagne was ordered by Patterson.

Uncorking his vials of flattery, he deftly instilled more and more into the ears of his listener, watching the effects of each dose.

"Come, now, I will never say a word, and I really think you ought to tell me what I want to know," pleaded Patterson, fixing his hypnotic gaze on Higbee.

With equal adroitness, Jack said, "Well, I will tell you since you promise me faithfully not to give the snap away."

Higbee then went on to state that he gave the firm of Sticklemeyer Bros. a monthly rebate of 15 per cent on all messages filed with his company, stating that that was the reason of his lead pipe cinch.

"I see, I see," quickly remarked Patterson, as he hastily arose, looking at his watch. "I will have to leave you now, as it is time to get back to my office. I will see you tomorrow."

Jack Higbee gave vent to a long whistle as he viewed Patterson's hasty retreat. "I think I gave him all the information he was looking for, and now I will have to write my superintendent an explanation."

Repairing to his office Higbee indited the following letter to his superintendent:

"Patterson was around looking for information today and besieged me with questions and champagne. I gave him information, probably more than was due him. I told him we secured Sticklemeyer Bros.'s business by giving them a 15 per cent rebate. You know how much truth there is in this statement, but I was compelled to meet duplicity by diplomacy. I am sending

you this letter so you will understand the situation, when the matter comes up to you from other quarters."

The following morning Higbee received a telegram from his superintendent, who stated that Patterson had wired his superior officer that the competitive company was giving Sticklemeyer Bros. 15 per cent rebate on all messages filed with them, and asking him, Higbee, if such was the case. Jack's reply was: "Patterson is talking through his hat; nothing in it; get my letter written yesterday; explanatory."

The following morning Jack received another telegram from his superintendent, reading:

"This is the best joke of the season."

It only remains to be told that "Pantsey" Patterson was severely reprimanded by his superintendent, who cautioned him not to be a dupe. "Pantsey" had met his match, but he and Jack Higbee never again spoke as they passed by.

MASSALTOFF

THE CHICAGO HERALD once offered a prize to the reporter who could ascertain how many ways the word "Kalsomining" was spelled among the habitués of Darktown in that city. The reporter who won the prize found there were 385 different ways of spelling given to the word among the Ethiopian wielders of the pail and brush.

The Hebrew word, "Massalltoff" is used very much in telegrams and cablegrams by our Hebrew brothers, when they desire to felicitate or congratulate one another upon some social event occurring, such as an engagement, birth or marriage, and this practice is in much vogue, as is well known among telegraph people.

When some prominent Jew is married, it often requires a special wire to handle the rush of congratulatory messages, and nine out of every ten will use the word "Massalltoff," but the word is spelled as widely different as the other word, "Kalsomining," is done by the Africans.

Recently, in San Francisco, a Jewish wedding took place and more than 800 messages were received.

A special wire to the groom's house was installed and an operator was sent to receive the messages.

The young operator found by actual count, that there were 254 different ways of spelling the word, each section of the world having its own way. We are sorry that our space will not allow us to print the many different spellings of the word so familiar to the telegraph operator.

A COSTLY JOKE.

IT was some little time after the completion of the cable across the Atlantic that B. F. Woodward, then manager of the Denver W. U. Telegraph essayed to show his men in the Denver office upon what very familiar footing he was with Queen Vic-



I. N. MILLER, JR.



R. H. MILLER

toria by sending her a cablegram of 100 words or so, felicitating her upon her birthday.

He evidently expected to file the cablegram in the receiving room, have it commented upon and then placed on file for transmission on the Kansas City hook, there also to be seen, read and talked over by the operators, when he would drop in and unobserved would cancel it before it was sent. He would in this way, acquire a reputation accorded to no other citizen of Denver, and it would cost him nothing.

But "only the unexpected happens."

The cablegram was written, filed, commented upon by the clerks, turned into the operating room, where it was inspected by the operators, talked over, and transmitted to Kansas City, where it was sent upon wings of lightning to London ten minutes before Woodward arrived upon the scene to cancel it.

His chagrin and dismay was great, which later on became genuine grief, when he was called on to put up something like \$125 for his fun. And here the relator paused and smiled at the idiosyncracies of the human mind.

The foregoing anecdote was sequelized twenty years later by Jack Stronach, then manager of the Postal Telegraph, at Portland, Oregon.

Jack had been working for the Postal in Washington building new lines and had done excellent work and was rewarded by being made manager of the Portland office.

The business people of Washington and Oregon hailed with delight the advent of a new telegraph company and favored them with their patronage.

Business came to the new company without solicitation and was well handled by them. Elmer Mallory, the assistant manager, was extremely zealous in his company's interests and carefully watched its growth. It was his ambition to show the daily receipts to be \$200 a day, and that was the mark he endeavored to reach.

Stronach was spurred by Mallory's keen interest and bestirred himself somewhat to reach the desired goal.

One night about 10 o'clock, Stronach dropped into the office to find Mallory quite expectant.

"I need just \$19 of having my \$200 today, and I wish that we could make this the banner day," remarked Mallory.

"You will have it sure," returned Stronach, as he disappeared out of the door.

A few minutes later a messenger brought in a cablegram addressed to "Rennie, Hongkong," which contained 13 words. The rate to Hongkong in those days was something like \$2.50 a word.

Fifteen minutes later Stronach put his head in the door, to be greeted by the smiling face of Elmer Mallory.

"Hurrah, Jack, we have made it and have a few dollars to spare," exclaimed the assistant to his chief, as he explained the arrival of the Hongkong cable.

Canadian
Brothers

Yours affectionately
C. E. Lillie & Paton

E. La Bree

Chas E. Davies

Sidney B. McDermott

R. Hogan

J. E. Stewart
Smythorough

C.R. Langley.

Geo Tallaway

Wm T Sallaway

28 June

Wm Thompson

Don G. Lippincott

Geo E G 09.01

Admires

nest itenpattuch

G. M. Emerson

GH Davy

[Signature]

J. H. Blasfield

Hand Clean

Miss F. Johnson

Jack Clements.

R. W. Cannon

10/11/20

May 11. 1880

Q E Poetry

0

"Good," said Stronach, "but where is the cable?"

"Oh, it has gone," replied Mallory.

"Holy smoke, here's a go," ejaculated the manager, as he flew upstairs, taking three steps at a bound.

He found the cablegram had been sent and quickly he tried to stop it at Vancouver, but that office stated that it had been sent to Montreal five minutes previous. Pursuing his inquiries, it was ascertained the cablegram had been sent to London, where it was stopped and later on canceled.

This was probably the first, the last and the only time that John Stronach tried to increase his company's receipts at his own expense.

ENTERPRISE

BY ELMER E. MALLORY

WOULD you like to hear how I slipped one over on the Western Union, once upon a time? Well, here is the story:

It was during the flood of 1890, in the month of February. The Willamette river was on a rampage, carrying down log piles, trees, farm houses, telegraph poles and everything in its wake. The streets of Portland were covered with water, and gasoline launches and even steam tugs came up and down the principal streets.

All cables across the river were broken and both telegraph companies' wires were badly down and demoralized. The W. U. did not have a wire out of its office and the Postal had but one wire south to Woodburn, and they were all down south of that point.

Much activity was displayed by the Postal company to re-establish their lines and I was detailed to go up the line to combat the situation. Arriving at Woodburn I found we were badly down south, but found the W. U. had a wire to Roseburg, and, inasmuch as they had no wire from Woodburn to Portland, this southern piece of wire was inactive and doing nobody any good.

A bright idea struck me and calling up the manager at Portland I quickly told him the possibilities.

He was quick to see the point and two hours later he arrived on a velocipede handcar with 200 messages destined to San Francisco.

Now, it happened that I knew Andy Cook, an operator of international fame, was at Roseburg. He had come over from Vancouver and was destined for California, but could not get any further than Roseburg owing to his limited means.

I called up Roseburg and asked George Estes to send for Cook, who happened to be right in the depot.

Cook came to the key and quickly and discreetly I told him my plan and asked him if he could handle 200 messages for San Francisco.

"Sure, Mike," laconically replied Andy, and I started them along, getting them all in to him in three hours.

It was ascertained that the Postal was O. K. south of Roseburg, and Andy Cook made short work of getting in the 200 messages to San Francisco. Of course I was working in Woodburn from the depot office, but the agent was a "ham" and was easily beguiled into believing that I was a W. U. man as well as did Estes at Roseburg, for really both men were too busy attending to their duties to give us much attention.

A messenger was dispatched to Portland for more business, which was sent in the same way to Andy Cook at Roseburg, who in turn relayed them to San Francisco.

Three days later the Postal repaired the trouble between Woodburn and Roseburg and the W. U. wire between those points was abandoned by us.

We carefully concealed our "enterprise" in this case, and the W. U. never found out about it, and if they did they were smooth enough to keep still.

Andy Cook rode to San Francisco in a Pullman and was assigned to a position in that office as a reward for the part he took in "putting one over" on the Western Union.

OREGONIAN STORY

THE OREGONIAN is a great paper now, but thirty years ago, it was more of a frontier sheet. Here is a sample of "ye local's" work:

"John Crouch, lineman for the Western Union, went to Roseburg last night on business."

The following day appeared another intensely interesting item, as follows:

"John Crouch, lineman for the Western Union, returned from Roseburg this morning, where he has been on business. John is 'O. K.'"

The fact of the matter was that we sent John down to Rice's Hill to reset some poles. Only this and nothing more.

On another occasion, the Oregonian printed the following explanation. It was under date of July 5th, the day succeeding the Nation's Natal Day:

"The paucity of our news this morning is due to the fact that the wires were not down, but drunk."

A FIRST-CLASS MAN

IT was twenty-five years ago and the Colonel had come and gone, acceding after much scrutiny and investigation, to allow P—— office an addition of four first-class operators.

The next question was where to get the four first-class operators, for it had been definitely decided between the manager and the chief operator that only the creme de la creme of the profession would be invited to join the staff.

Chicago office was looked over carefully and Henry C. Maynard, chief operator, was asked to assist in selecting the four men.

A trip clear across the continent and first-class salary, with a pleasant office to work in and cheery people for associates, were the inducements and speedily the requisite number signed up and prepared to start.

Three days later a tall young man, thin, almost to attenuation, entered the office. He was dressed in a Prince Albert double breasted coat, ice cream trousers, red socks, tooth-pick shoes, very gaudy necktie and a high hat, known at that particular period as the "Blaine" hat. His lank frame and the stovepipe hat made him appear several inches taller than he really was. His face, however, beamed with intelligence and good humor.

He quickly called for the manager, to whom he introduced himself.

"My name is Archibald Grover and I am the first of the bunch that Hank Maynard sent out here to go to work. I am in a little trouble, owing to some foolishness I indulged in coming here on the train. You think, perhaps, that I am well dressed, and so I am, on the outside, but, to tell you the truth (and here the young man blushed), I am naked on the inside," and unbuttoning his Prince Albert coat, he disclosed the fact that that garment alone protected him from the Oregon weather. A dickey and the big necktie helped to conceal the young man's nakedness.

He was certainly a funny looking sight, and he laughed very heartily at his own appearance.

"You see, I need a little assistance and \$20 will straighten me out all right. Will you loan it to me?"

Who could withstand a plea like this, and the required \$20 was handed over to the new operator.

An hour later Archibald returned to the office to go to work and was assigned one of the heaviest wires in the office.

Superintendent Lamb, on his way home, dropped into the office and inquired if any of the new operators had arrived. The manager replied that one only had shown up.

"Is he a first-class man?" queried the superintendent.

"Oh, yes," was the reply.

"How do you know?" testily came from the official.

"Why, because the first thing he did was to strike me for \$20," responded the manager.

"Of course you did not give it to him," was the next remark.

"Of course I did, for I knew that any man who had the cheek to ask for \$20 on such short acquaintance must be a first-class man."

And he was right. Archibald Grover was wonderful as an operator and excelled in music and painting.

His talents won him distinction and he married one of the wealthy belles of San Francisco.

He now lives in Southern California, under the shade of his own fig tree and orange grove, and he will laugh till the tears roll down his cheeks when he is asked to tell how he once demonstrated he was a first-class operator to the tune of a twenty dollar piece, without even taking a message.

SEATTLE TRUE TO "TOTEM-POLE"

IN the fall of 1907, there was a preponderance of telegraph operators all over the country, and positions were, in consequence, very scarce.

Charles Pogenpohl, who had been employed as an operator in Texas, determined to seek a position in the far Northwest and one day landed in Seattle, Washington.

The chief operator, a wag by the way, informed the Texan that he had operators to "throw at dogs," and incidentally asked his name.

Pogenpohl gave in his name, which seemed to tickle the chief.

"I guess that I'll give you a trial. Come around at 5 P. M. and go to work."

The end of the month came, and Pogenpohl received his check, but to his astonishment he discovered that the voucher was made payable to "Charles Totempole," and he asked to have it corrected.

"Why," exclaimed the chief, "I understood you to say your name was 'Totempole,' and I thought that any man who would flag under the name of 'Totempole' was entitled to a job in the Seattle office."

BEAU BRUMMEL

THE operators employed in the Denver office about 15 years ago, will remember a strange character, who floated in and tarried but a few weeks, then disappeared for a more congenial clime.

We will call his name Wood, but that was not his cognomen.

He was very deaf, but, like some other freaks, could telegraph just as well as the next one.

Belvidere Brooks was manager, Tom McCannon, chief operator; "Old Farmer" Lawton, night chief; W. N. Fashbaugh, wire chief.

Some of the operators working in the Denver office at this time were R. D. Gould, Charles Smith, "Tub" Hogan, Dick Thompson, Frank Gargan and Jerry Simpson.

Dick Thompson and Jerry Simpson have both gone on their last journey, but to my story.

"Deafy" Wood, as he was rather unfeelingly called, was very much on his uppers when he sailed into the Denver office. He wore a cap, peakless and dirty, ragged coat, pants frayed at the bottom and torn at the knees, sans collar, sans necktie, shoes with toes protruding, but he was fat and healthy looking.

There was a dearth of operators at this time, and Wood's advent was hailed with delight by the overworked employes, who "threw in" to make the newcomer more presentable.

Dick Thompson gave him a pair of patent leather shoes, which were a trifle small for the donor to wear; Jerry Simpson presented him with a new hat, and as he looked better on the top and at the feet, it was thought wise to let him work out the rest of his salvation in his own way.

Long hours were the order of the day, and good work was performed until pay-day rolled around.

Wood asked for a day off, which was granted.

The following day an elegantly attired gentleman entered the office. He looked like a very distinguished foreigner. His clothes and make-up were immaculate. A ponderous chain was suspended from his vest, his coat and trousers were of the best texture, of fashionable cut and perfect fit. The vest was made of silk, of an elaborate pattern, and the hat was a pure white fedora.

He had parted with his hirsute appendage at a nearby tonsorial establishment, which worked wonders in his looks.

Wood was complimented upon his appearance, and it was hoped that he had turned over a new leaf, but mortal flesh can never be depended upon in the wild and woolly west.

The aristocratic air which Wood assumed indicated that he was to "the manor born," and he seemed a marvel, indeed, to the lowly dwellers of this mountain town.

Fifteen days passed by, and Wood appeared at the office minus his big watch chain, which was followed the next day by the disappearance of his fedora hat. The latter was replaced by his old tile.

Piece by piece did the handsome rig give way to the former rags, and on the second pay day Wood appeared at the cashier's desk clad in the veritable garments that he entered the office

with six weeks prior, even to the old shoes which encased his feet.

Another leave of absence for two days was asked for and granted the queer character, at the expiration of which time he again showed up habilitated in his new clothes, even to the ponderous watch chain and patent leather shoes.

The sudden metamorphosis did not startle the people of Denver quite as much as upon the former occasion, but all took a quiet notice.

Several days passed by, and again did the procedure of the previous month take place in the garb of Wood, only he parted with more of his raiment.

He appeared at the threshold of the operating room one day with just a pair of pants, an undershirt and a pair of very disreputable looking shoes, minus socks.

His hat was gone, and he certainly looked tough.

Tom McCannon concluded that his presence in the office might shock the modesty of some of his visitors, and promptly "canned" the quaint character who started south the following day.

It is believed that Wood went to Texas, where he turned over a new leaf, became a benedict, and for the past dozen years has been a useful member of the little city which is his present home.

Good luck to him.

IT PAYS TO STICK TO YOUR POST

IT was in the month of July, in the late '60's, that Sancho Pedro, an old Portuguese sheepherder, following his vocation, drove his flock from the sunburned hills of the western slope of the Sierras to their lofty summit, thence on the plateau eastward to the State of Nevada.

The grass was verdant and plentiful and the flocks waxed fat.

Up Bloody Canyon, across Mono diggings, loitering near Mono Lake, thence down Sunshine Valley, they tarried at the base of Del Monte mountain, then not even named.

Pasturage was plentiful in this sun-kissed region and Sancho Pedro determined to remain in this vicinity till the autumn winds betokened the approach of winter.

Pedro knew all about the multiplication of sheep, but was entirely unacquainted with the production of gold, or other precious metals. He noticed, however, one day some lambs gamboling on the green hill and saw some yellow nuggets which they uncovered in their play.

The Portuguese gathered a pocket full of the precious metal, and before leaving for the western slope marked the spot.

Report of a gold find travels with lightning-like rapidity, and it was but a little while before the news of the discovery startled the expectant Californians and the usual rush was made to the new diggings.

It was getting well into winter now, but this cut no figure in the wild scramble to be first at the new Eldorado.

A hegira from Mammoth City took place; Gold City also added her quota to the representation, and from far and wide they came.

A town sprang up as if by magic, tents speedily giving way to substantial buildings, even brick and stone stores were soon erected and the boom was fairly on.

Much "float" gold was found and claims were bought and sold, the transactions going up into thousands of dollars, and the town of Aurora, Esmeralda county, Nevada, became known as a prosperous mining camp.

As usual, whiskey, dance houses and all kinds of gambling were the order of the day and night. It was no uncommon sight to witness a woman, richly attired, walk down the main street and stop in front of a curbstone faro game. Opening her purse she would hand a bystander two \$20 gold pieces and ask him to play one on the ace and to copper the jack with the other. She would play to win \$100. If lucky, she would tip her player liberally, but if fortune did not smile on her she would give a little laugh and beat her way further down the street.

Many of the citizens of Aurora were earnest, law-abiding people, energetic in their work and sober in their habits, but there is always a lawless element following up a new mining camp, who have no regard for life, limb, law or other people's property, and Aurora was not exempt from this class of peace disturbers.

A daily paper, two banks, and an express office opened up for business in the new camp, and a cry went up for telegraphic connection.

The big telegraph company declined building in to this remote camp, but private capital soon constructed a line, connecting with the parent branch at Carson, and Jim Bowditch was sent to Aurora to be the office manager.

The opening of the office was hailed with delight and anvils were fired off with the customary enthusiasm and Aurora, Nevada, was entered on the Tariff Book.

The peace of the community was broken one evening by three men, mounted on handsome American horses, and armed to the teeth.

Already hilarious, they proceeded to get gloriously drunk and began shooting up the town. In their wild madness four prominent citizens were killed, and as many more seriously injured.

The trio were finally subdued, and taken to an impromptu police station, and, although it was midnight, the justice of the peace was sent for and the trial of the murderers began.

The proof of the crime was conclusive, and the three men were condemned to be hanged, that important event being fixed at an early date.

Two of the condemned men were well connected in San Francisco, and strenuous efforts were made to save their necks. Pat Barry, a noted criminal lawyer, was engaged and an appeal was made to the Governor to stay proceedings.

Notwithstanding all efforts put forth by the lawyer, no impression could affect the Governor, and he lent a deaf ear to all importunities. The wily attorney employed all his powers of persuasion and pulled all his wires, but his work was fruitless. His efforts and their results were daily conveyed to the doomed men, but still they were hopeful, clinging to the proverbial straw and believing that at the last minute the Governor would weaken and pardon or respite them.

The day for the execution arrived and the gallows was erected.

It was to be a public execution and saloons and gambling dens were closed for the occasion.

The only man at work was Jim Bowditch, who sat at his telegraph key, patiently waiting any word from Governor Nye.

The hour of the execution had been set for 2 o'clock and it was now noon.

"I believe that I'll wait till half past 12, and if we get no word from the governor, I'll get some lunch and then go see the hanging," remarked Jim Bowditch to himself.

At 12:30 p. m. Jim Bowditch called up Carson, and notified Fred Bunce, the operator, that he was going to lunch and was informed by the Carson operator that he also would go.

An hour later Jim Bowditch was at the scene of the proposed execution and precisely at 2 p. m. the three men were swung into eternity.

Sallying back to the office shortly after, Bowditch could hear the telegraph instrument calling wildly: "AU," "AU," "AU," "CA," "AU," "AU," "CA." It was Carson calling Aurora.

"I," "I," "AU," responded Bowditch.

"Where are the three men?" quickly asked the Carson operator.

"Gone to blazes," was the reply.

"Gee, listen to this, but don't copy it," came from Carson.

Then followed a message from the Governor granting a stay of proceedings in the condemned men's case.

"What's to be done?" cried Bowditch, "if this is found out we'll get the same fate."

Bunce and Bowditch were friends and they proceeded to talk over the way of procedure.

"I tell you what to do," said Bunce, "just open the wire at your end and I'll send out our lineman and inform the Governor and Pat Barry that we could not get you on account of wire trouble."

The plan was carried into execution, Bowditch opening the line outside his office and then repairing to the nearest livery stable, ordered the fastest horse, stating he was going out to repair the line.

Jim Bowditch followed the telegraph line for a mile to the north, then, carefully looking backward to see if he was observed, he turned sharply to the west, heading for the high-peaked Sierras.

A few days later horse and rider arrived in Sonora, Tuolumne county, Cal., where after giving his horse a rest, he sent him back to Aurora, evidently understanding that murder could be condoned, but horse stealing never.

The name of James Bowditch never again appeared on the payroll of any telegraph or railroad company, and the true facts

in the case never leaked out, the only mystery attached to the matter being the disappearance of Jim Bowditch, which has never, hitherto, been satisfactorily explained.

So, it seems, that it does pay to stick to your post.



LOVE
An Indian Legend

THEY lived and dreamed in silent ages past,
Two lovers parted through long bitter years,
And died in hope. But fate, still cruel cast
Their future lots in far-off different spheres
To grieve in vain—and Heaven itself was naught—
An empty joy, for what is life at best
Till with the thread of being there is wrought
A chord responsive in another breast.
Their spirits yearned across the chasm drear,
An answering wish shot swift from soul to soul
A bridge of light o'er that wide waste to rear—
An arch of stars across the flaming scroll.
They waited not, nor asked they God above,
For time and space cannot dissever love.

Long eons pass and now the narrowing zone
Needs but one star to make the span complete,
One glowing orb from out the living throne
To bind the arch. Straightway archangels fleet
Sought God and spake: "See'st thou yon milky way
Where spirits bold have bridged the realms of space?
Have they Thy will with wandering spheres to play
And rob Thy throne, presumptuous pride of grace?"
"Shall I destroy," said God, "the works of love,
I, who am love?" In glory bright
Those spirits wept for joy, around, above,
For one sweet instant thrilled all worlds with light.
"The corner take from my eternal throne,
The works of love abide, and they alone."



MISS EVANGELINE HAYES

SONG OF THE DAISIES

BY EVANGELINE HAYES
AGED 9

Did you ever see a daisy
With a little yellow eye,
Like a sunbeam shining downward
Reflected from the sky?

Daisies should teach us lessons
Of patience which brings blessings,
Of love which brings us light,
And takes away our night.



MISS MABEL MATTHEWS

OUT WHERE THE WEST BEGINS

BY ARTHUR CHAPMAN

Out where the handclasp's a little stronger,
Out where a smile dwells a little longer,
That's where the West begins.
Out where the sun's a little brighter,
Where the snow that falls is a trifle whiter,
Where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter,
There's where the West begins.

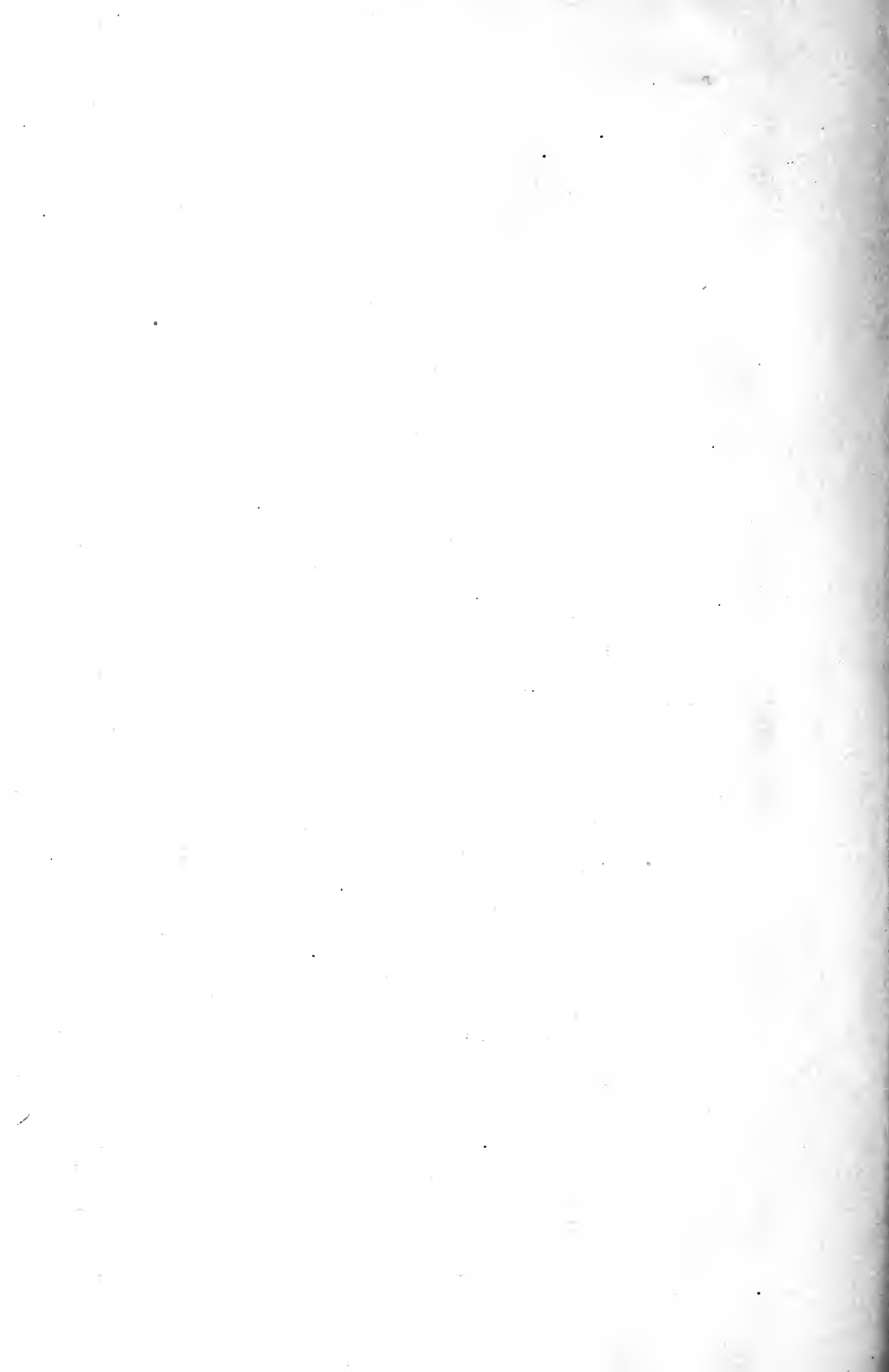
Out where the skies are a trifle bluer,
Out where friendship's a little truer,
That's where the West begins.
Out where a fresher breeze is blowing,
Where there's laughter in every streamlet flowing,
Where there's more of reaping and less of sowing,
That's where the West begins.

Out where the world is in the making,
Where fewer hearts with despair are aching—
That's where the West begins.
Where there is more of singing and less of sighing,
Where there is more of giving and less of buying,
Where a man makes friends without half trying,
That's where the West begins.



Saml^d B. Morse





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